

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

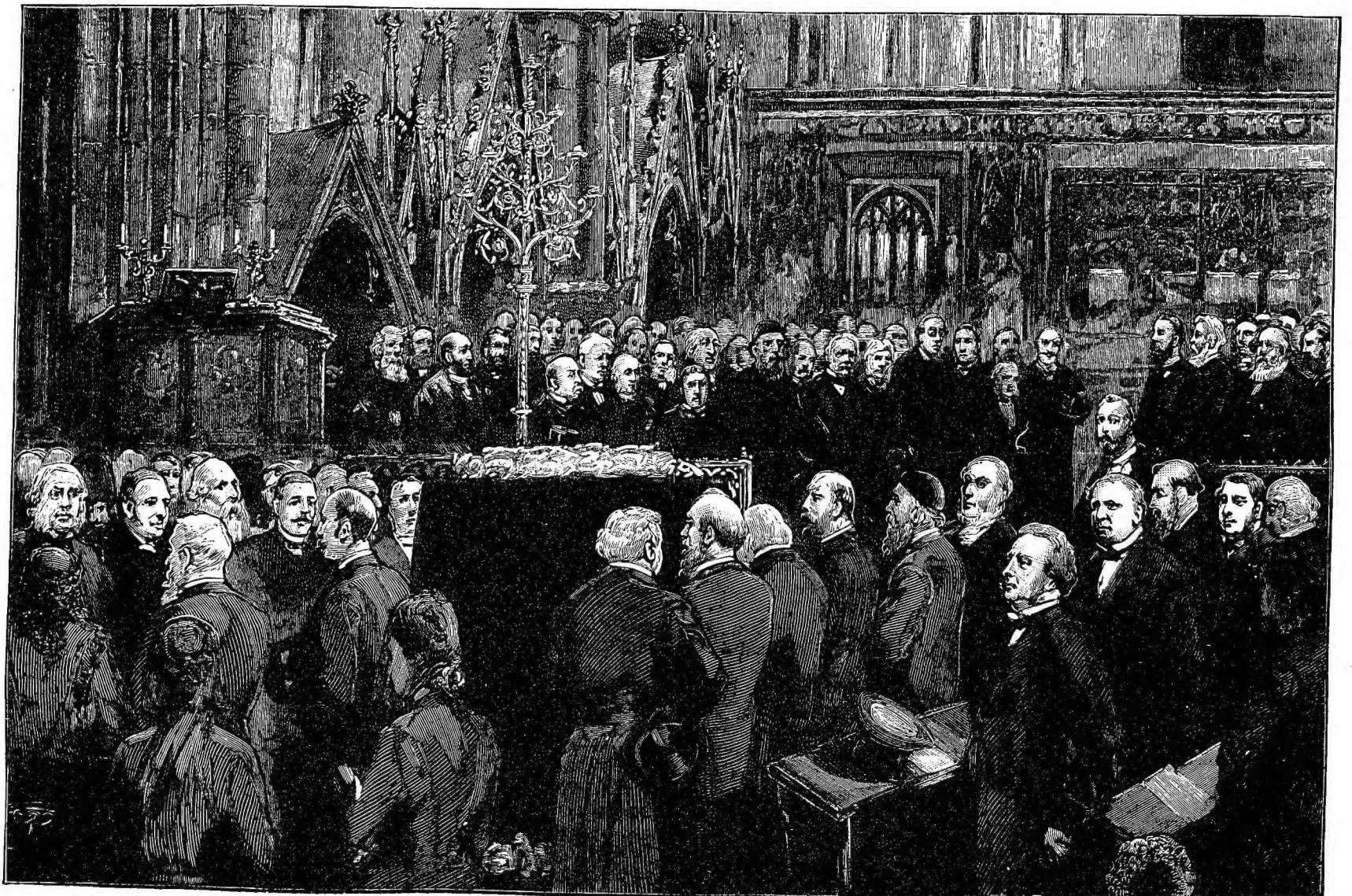
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BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR IN THE EXHIBITION PALACE, DUBLIN. IN AID OF THE MASONIC FEMALE ORPHAN SCHOOL



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Topics of the Week

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN IRELAND.—The members of the Land League have certainly no reason to be dissatisfied with the present position of the cause which they have so zealously advocated. All along the line they have triumphed. Arrears of rent are to be disposed of by the State, leaseholders are to be brought within the operation of the Land Act, and a resolute effort is to be made to establish a peasant proprietary. These changes constitute a victory of which any political party might be proud, but a concession of still greater immediate importance has been made in the release of those suspects who are not accused of having incited to crime. In his statement on Tuesday Mr. Gladstone insisted that the policy of the Government was unaltered; but nobody is misled by this pretension. That their ultimate aim is, as it has all along been, the restoration of law and order in Ireland, may be admitted; but the means by which it is proposed to attempt the achievement of this object are altogether new. After all, however, the question which chiefly interests Englishmen is not whether Ministers are acting consistently, but whether they are acting prudently; and, with regard to the release of the suspects, the answer of the majority of impartial observers is likely to be in their favour. The policy of confining large numbers of persons without trial might have been justified by success, but it has completely and ignominiously failed. Crime has steadily increased since the arrest of Mr. Parnell and his friends, and their detention has provided dishonest or timid tenants with an excuse for "holding the rent." The Government cannot, therefore, be fairly blamed for making a fresh start, and their errors in the past will be readily forgiven if their present method is followed by the results which they anticipate. Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of introducing a Bill, so soon as the business of the House of Commons would permit, "to strengthen the ordinary law, and to meet difficulties such as have been experienced in the administration of justice, and in defending and securing proper rights, in Ireland." The precise meaning of these general expressions cannot be determined until the measure is produced; but it may be said with confidence that unless the Government are really determined to find out, and adequately to punish, the authors of agrarian outrage, "the Irish Question" will remain as perplexing as ever. Their mistake hitherto has been that they have seized political agitators, while the village ruffian has practically had free scope for his activity. The first effectual step towards the pacification of Ireland must be the suppression of the village ruffian, and this may render necessary a far more rigid administrative system than any that has yet been tried.

CANADIAN POLITICIANS.—Says Mr. Goldwin Smith, by way of comforting us home-staying Britishers, "You need not be uneasy because the Canadian House of Commons sympathises with the Parnellites. It is only done to catch the Irish vote." And then he goes on to tell us that both the French Canadians and the Irish in Canada are perfectly loyal to the British Crown. There is, no doubt, much truth in this remark about the Irish vote. The same temptation prevails to a still greater extent in the adjacent Republic. A politician (especially a Democratic politician) can always reckon on a fair quantum of cheap applause from his Irish hearers by hurling defiance at Great Britain. This was exemplified only the other day at Washington in the discussion concerning the arrested Irish-Americans. But, though the non-Irish section of politicians both in Canada and in the States may be, and possibly sometimes are, insincere in these fervid declarations, it does not follow that the much-coveted Irish voters are themselves insincere. It is not unnatural that Irishmen settled in Canada or in the United States should wish their countrymen at home to enjoy the same self-government and independence as they themselves seem to possess. They wish it if they are happy and prosperous; they wish it still more if they are unlucky and discontented. We use the phrase "seem to possess," because the political influence of the Irishmen in America is, after all, circumscribed by the will of the non-Irish majority, and, were it not that the Irishman's vote often decides the issue between contending parties, and obtains, therefore, a "fancy" value, his importance as a political force would be still more diminished. This point leads to further reflection. Should Home Rule be conceded to Ireland, the balance of power will be shifted in a new and hitherto unprecedented way. In America and the Colonies the Roman Catholic Irish are, on questions where the pretensions of Roman Catholicism conflict with those of the State, invariably outvoted by the Protestant Irish, and by the rest of the inhabitants, who are chiefly anti-Catholic. But in Ireland, under Home Rule, we should have what would now be a unique spectacle in Europe, a population the majority of whom are Roman Catholics, capable of enforcing their own will in domestic matters. Would not Education at once become a burning question, and might it not ere long light up the torch of civil strife?

MR. FORSTER.—It was inevitable that the release of the suspects should be followed by Mr. Forster's resignation. In his recent speech to an Irish crowd—a speech which

attracted much attention both in Ireland and in England—he expressly stated that no such measure could be adopted until agrarian outrage had ceased. He was, therefore, absolutely committed to a particular policy; and it became impossible for him, when that policy was abandoned, either to retain the position of Chief Secretary or to remain in the Cabinet as the holder of any other office. He has been bitterly attacked by some Radicals for the special form of coercion which is now discredited; but no fair politician will blame him for measures for which he was only in part responsible. His policy was the policy of the Government, and of the Liberal party; and, at the time when it was formally sanctioned by Parliament, it had the approval of the great majority of the English people. It was then thought that agrarian crime would be most speedily checked by the confinement of the leading political malcontents, and very few Radicals were bold enough to give open expression to the opposite opinion. That Mr. Forster has not been a successful Minister is only too obvious; but it is equally obvious that he has been a thoroughly honest administrator, and that his failure has been due rather to the circumstances in which he has been placed than to any defect in his intentions. No other statesman has been more anxious to remedy the real grievances of the Irish people, and at the same time he has always manifested a desire to have proper means for the establishment of public order. His motives have been persistently misrepresented in Ireland; but we know of no instance in which he has lost self-control, and more than once he has displayed conspicuous courage. It was hardly to be expected that his merits would be denied by so many of his former friends, who used to boast of the steadfastness of their loyalty to their acknowledged leaders.

RECKLESS MALICE.—Human nature is, in the main, much the same now as it has always been; still, there is a species of crime prevalent at the present time which formerly was almost, if not quite, unknown. Within the last century, and especially within the last twenty years, man has gained a wonderful mastery over various natural forces, which in olden days were either unknown or beyond his control; and this mastery, though chiefly employed for useful purposes, has also, in the hands of bad, unscrupulous persons, become a potent instrument for evil. The exceeding wickedness of this kind of crime is self-evident. No human being, perhaps, ever planned a blacker, baser deed than the man whose villainy caused the Bremerhaven explosion. The utter recklessness displayed aggravates the abominable character of these offences. Their perpetrators appear perfectly callous to human suffering, and in the prosecution of their designs will without hesitation maim or kill any number of persons against whom they have no cause of quarrel. A discharged railway *employé*, who conceives that he has a grievance against the Company, tries to wreck a train, thereby slaying or mutilating a number of people who, as far as he is concerned, are innocent of all offence. It is true that the last reported instance of this kind of outrage proves to be of a "bogus" character, invented by an enterprising signalman to gain his own promotion, but there are plenty of genuine cases on record. If the Russian Nihilists, with their explosive mines and their peasants' caps lined with bombs, should persevere in their sinister designs against the Czar, they may fail to hurt him, but will probably (as in the case of the Winter Palace Conspiracy) kill and mangle some poor soldiers who attend the Coronation simply because duty compels them. And the New York Socialists who tried to blow up Messrs. Field and Vanderbilt cared nothing for the lives or limbs of the Post-Office officials. Such deeds indicate rankling sores beneath the fair surface of our boasted civilisation, and it is less easy to suggest an effectual remedy because they are chiefly due to the various phenomena, social and political, which characterise the present epoch.

THE CLOSURE.—It may be doubted, as we have repeatedly said, whether the Government ought not to have abandoned their First Resolution with regard to the order of procedure in the House of Commons, when they discovered the storm of opposition with which it was certain to be met. At the same time it is not very easy to understand the spirit of bitter hostility which the First Resolution has excited. Had it been proposed to give the majority an unconditional power of closing debate, the opposition of the Conservatives, and of the Liberals who act with them in this matter, would have been intelligible; but how can minorities be unfairly treated when the majority must remain quiescent until the Speaker, giving expression to what seems to him "the evident sense of the House," asks them to intervene? The Speaker, it is said, may act as a partisan; and this would, no doubt, have been a real danger, had the House accepted Mr. O'Donnell's amendment, making the Speaker's action dependent on an appeal from the Prime Minister. As the Resolution stands, however, the initiative will rest with the Speaker alone, and we do not see why it should be questioned that he will be as impartial in future as he is now. As for the proposal that a majority of two-thirds should be necessary for the closure, is it quite certain that this plan would be more favourable to minorities than that which the Government advocate? If a bare majority only were essential, each party would act under a strong sense of responsibility, whereas the other plan might offer a temptation to the "moderate" men of all parties to combine against the representatives of new or unpopular ideas. Besides, if the Speaker properly interprets

"the evident sense of the House," it is clear that a motion for the closure will always be supported by more than a bare majority. Altogether, the chief objection to the Resolution is not that it will be too stringent, but that it provides a remedy for waste of time only in very exceptional conditions.

TEA, COFFEE, AND ALCOHOL.—Teetotalers must not be too jubilant, nor need Chancellors of the Exchequer despair. It is very unlikely that, in a chilly, damp, foggy climate such as ours is, alcohol will cease to form an important ingredient in our beverages. But ought we to wish that this revolution, and a tremendous revolution it would be, should come to pass? We say at once boldly, No. We advocate temperance, not total abstinence. We wish heartily that every one would make a rule not to drink on an empty stomach, and it stands to reason that, even if the effects of alcohol were unmistakeably beneficial, poor people, unless they wish to be always poor, can only afford to drink it in extreme moderation. We are, however, by no means sure that the abandonment of alcohol by the whole community would be advisable. At all events, it would be a hazardous experiment so near the Arctic regions, though it may answer in Bengal or Sierra Leone. For at least two thousand years the peoples of North-Western Europe have been confirmed alcohol drinkers, and they are not the least shapely or muscular peoples in the world. Tea, coffee, and aerated waters may be very well as adjuncts, but could they stand alone? Do not tea and coffee aggravate the nervousness which, owing to the hurry-scurry of modern existence, the railway travelling, and (may we venture to add) the excessive use of tobacco, is already alarmingly prevalent. Is there not some cause for fearing that, under an exclusive regimen of tea and coffee, we might degenerate into a dyspeptic, spindle-shanked race, dependent for our sleep at night on chloral, and for our comfort during the day on hypodermic injections of morphia? The physical needs of the present generation seem to us to lie in a different direction from the abandonment of alcohol. We want earlier hours, more fresh air, less town life, less hurry-scurry, more time for simple, inexpensive, personal recreation. In fact, with all our modern inventions, we want in many respects to be put back about a hundred years, and he who can solve this problem will deserve the thanks of the world.

EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS IN SCOTLAND.—The Bill introduced by Mr. Mundella for dealing with educational endowments in Scotland is likely to meet with considerable opposition, but there can be no doubt that it will receive the approval of the majority of the Scottish members. The chief defect of the Scottish system of education is the lack of good secondary schools. In the old parish schools a sincere attempt was made—at least in the case of clever boys and girls—to carry education far beyond the mere elements. The result was not perfectly satisfactory, but it was very much better than anything that can be achieved in Board Schools, where the teachers must confine their efforts to the subjects defined in the Code. There are, of course, grammar-schools in which an excellent secondary education may be obtained; but they are not nearly numerous enough for the growing wants of the community. One result is that the Universities, besides their proper work, are compelled to undertake duties for which they are unfitted; and the standard of scholarship is not so rapidly raised as it has been lately in most other progressive countries. The object of Mr. Mundella's Bill is to remedy this state of things by the appointment of Commissioners who will have power to apply existing educational endowments to new uses. In several large towns there are great educational endowments, which, if not altogether wasted, do not yield half so much benefit to the public as might be reasonably expected. If the measure becomes law, it ought not to be very difficult to suggest a series of schemes which, with due respect to the wishes of the founders of these endowments, would provide Scotland with as complete a system of secondary education as could be desired by her most ardent educational reformers.

THE "AUSTRAL."—Dr. Johnson's definition of a passenger-ship, as "a prison with the chance of being drowned," would probably have been modified could he have survived to see some of our modern vessels. The chance of being drowned, it is true, still remains, though, when we regard the enormous expansion of sea-traffic, it has proportionately been lessened. But the comparison of a ship to a prison is now, at least as regards first-class passengers, quite obsolete. These observations are prompted by the appearance in the Thames of the latest addition to the Orient line of steamers, the *Austral*, a vessel which indicates the constant progress which is being made in the art of shipbuilding. The safety of the new vessel, in case of wreck or fire, is provided for by her division into seven fire-proof compartments, and by her exceptionally large pumping power; while the comfort of the passengers is enhanced by placing a gangway between the state rooms and the skin of the ship, so that the former can be lighted by windows instead of portholes. The speed of the *Austral* on the trip from the Clyde to the Thames was at the rate of more than sixteen knots an hour, which is about as much as was expected from the locomotive engine in the early days of railway enterprise. Then she can easily be converted into a war cruiser, her construction, indeed, in this respect being far in excess of the Admiralty requirements. But we have left to the last what is perhaps the *Austral's* principal *raison d'être*. She is built to carry, not

merely live bipeds, but dead quadrupeds. She has in her capacious interior a chamber capable of holding 17,000 sheep; and this chamber can, by an improved refrigerator, be cooled to a temperature of 30° below zero. We hope that arrangements will be made for landing these dead-meat cargoes in such a manner that the actual consumer will be both able to buy this Australian mutton, and to know that he is buying it. People will then be able to decide whether a long voyage and artificially-induced cold exercise any injurious effect upon the meat. At present we are in the hands of the butcher, and we no more know whether the joints which he sells us are British, colonial, or foreign, than we know whether the baker's loaf on the table came from India, America, Australia, or our own little island.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of the late RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 448 and 457.

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THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 6th, Gounod's Opera, FAUST, e MARGHERITA. Margherita, Madame Albani; Meisfotele, Mons. Bouhy; and Faust, Signor Frapoli. Monday, May 8th, Mozart's Opera, LE SERAGLIO. Costanza, Madame Sembrich; Biondina, Madame Valleria; Osmine, Mons. Gaillard; and Belmonte, Mons. Vergnet. Tuesday, May 9th, Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Madame Albani; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; and Alfredo, Signor Frapoli. Doors open at eight o'clock, the opera commences at half-past.

The Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 till 5. Orchestral stalls, 5s.; side boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes with all particulars can be obtained of Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for boxes and stalls are to be made; also the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—ENTRIES CLOSE May 15, Show OPEN May 27, 29, 30, 31, and June 1 and 2. Prize Lists and forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Bedford Street, N. By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, give their Marvellous Entertainment of Illusions and Sketches every afternoon at three and evening at eight. For further particulars see daily papers.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. "THE HEAD OF THE POLL," by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME." Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees.

BRIXTON HALL, Acre Lane, Brixton.—Miss ANNIE MATTHEWS begs to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place in the above Hall on THURSDAY, May 11, 1882. Artists: Miss Clara Samuel, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Annie Matthews, Mdlle. Vagnolini, Miss Marian Burton, Miss Maud Longhurst, Miss E. Daniel; Mr. W. Coates, Mr. Arthur Thompson, Mr. H. Horscroft, Mr. James Budd, Mr. Fred Bevan, Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Turle Lee. Conductor, Mr. Turle Lee. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8 o'clock. Carriages at 10.15. A limited number of reserved stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 3s.; unreserved seats, 2s. Admission 1s.

ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES is NOW OPEN, including BASTIEN LEPEAGE'S New Picture, HAS MECHÉ, at 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.

THE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur. This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 10, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6.

DE NEUVILLE'S GREAT BATTLE PICTURE—"THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT." Now on View at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 133, New Bond Street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery. Admission, One Shilling.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The 29th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Artists of the Continental Schools is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 to 6 o'clock.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas M'Lean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Wltnier. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

BRIGHTON.—THE NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton. From VICTORIA, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m. From BRIGHTON, Weekdays, at 1.20 p.m., and 5.45 p.m.

This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 38 feet in length. The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room.

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BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 3.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only. Tickets and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

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is from Paintings from life, executed by the Special Artist of THE GRAPHIC, to whom the Royal Highnesses granted several sittings for the purpose.

An interestingly-written Biography of the Prince forms an acceptable feature of the Number, and the whole is enclosed in an elegantly designed cover printed in



MASONIC BAZAAR AT DUBLIN

THIS Bazaar and Fancy Fair was held during Easter week in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, in aid of the Masonic Female Orphan School, a splendid pile of buildings just erected in the Merrion Road, Dublin, for the furnishing of which, and the laying out of the grounds, a sum of 2,000*l.* in addition to the Building Fund was required. The Bazaar was opened by Her Excellency the Countess Cowper, who with Lady Powerscourt and the Hon. Bernard Fitzpatrick were conducted through the "Fair" by the Earls of Huntingdon, Desart, and Bandon, and a number of other officers of the Institution. The Bazaar was a great success, the various rows of stalls being got up in imitation mediæval architecture, whilst the fair stallholders were attired in most bewitching costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some twelve thousand visitors witnessed the opening, and there was quite as large an attendance on the succeeding days. Amongst the other attractions were organ recitals, the music of a military band, vocal concerts, and a musical and elocutionary entertainment by the past and present pupils of the school, at which a specially-written Ode was read. At night the brilliancy of the scene was enhanced by the use of the electric light.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Chancellor and Son, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

MR. DARWIN'S FUNERAL

THE funeral of Charles Robert Darwin in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday week was attended by a dense throng of mourners, amongst whom were men whose names are as household words in European scientific circles, and who had come to pay a last testimony of respect to the master who has wrought so great a revolution in modern theories of the world's natural history. Amongst others might be seen Professors Owen and Huxley, Sir William Thomson, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Max Müller, and the Presidents of the various scientific societies, together with a host of lay celebrities of every rank and class. The coffin had been placed the previous night in the Chapel of St. Faith, and at eleven on Wednesday morning the mourners began to assemble. Half-an-hour afterwards the body was borne into the Abbey, the pall being borne by the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby, Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, Mr. W. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, and Canon Farrar. At the west entrance the procession was met by the mourners, headed by Mr. Erasmus Darwin, and at the west cloister door by the Rev. Canon Prothero, who officiated in the absence of the Dean. The opening sentence of the service being read, the procession moved down the south aisle, and the body was placed in front of the Communion rails. After the Psalms had been chanted, and an anthem which had been composed for the occasion by Dr. Bridge had been sung ("Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and getteth understanding"), the body was removed to the grave, which is situated at the north-east corner of the nave next to that of Sir John Herschell, and near that of Sir Isaac Newton, Beethoven's Funeral March being played during the progress of the procession. There the final portion of the service was read; Handel's Anthem, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore," was sung, the Benediction pronounced, and the mourners, after taking a last look at the grave, gradually dispersed.

ARTISTIC COUNTY BAZAAR, MANCHESTER

The object of this Bazaar was to raise a fund of 20,000*l.* towards the expenses incurred by the addition of a new block of buildings and other improvements effected since 1875 at the Lancashire Independent College at Whalley Range, which is now the most complete educational institution possessed by the Denomination. The Bazaar is being held in St. James's Hall, Manchester, and its distinguishing feature is that it presents a complete view of a German mediæval town, consisting of several streets and a cathedral, surrounded by fortifications, the buildings being in scale with the human figure, so that but little strain on the imagination is necessary to enable the visitor to feel that he is taking part in some great festival in a German town of 300 years ago. The inaugural ceremony on Tuesday took place on the Dom Platz, the square as well as the cathedral steps being thronged with the leading Congregationalists of the county assembled to listen to Mr. Hugh Mason, M.P., Mr. Agnew, M.P., Mr. Stagg, M.P., and Principal Scott, all of whom recommended them to spend their money freely in the good cause. After the speech-making the band played "God Save the Queen," and since then the work of sale and purchase has gone on with an activity which promises well for the success of the undertaking. The costumes of the stall-holders are, of course, made to match the period of the mimic architecture, which latter we may observe was put up under the direction of Mr. A. Darbyshire, architect, of Manchester.—Our engravings are from sketches supplied by Mr. Arthur H. Marsh.

IN AND ABOUT PETERBOROUGH

LAST week we spoke of the Industrial Exhibition recently held in this city. Our present engravings are of buildings in Peterborough and its neighbourhood. Of these the chief is the famous cathedral, which holds a high, if not the highest rank among English cathedrals of the second class. The city had its origin in a great Benedictine Monastery founded in the seventh century. At the Dissolution it was regarded as one of the most magnificent Abbeys in the Kingdom, and was spared, it is supposed, because it contained the remains of Queen Catharine of Aragon. The various portions of the Cathedral

date from different periods between 1118 and 1528, and comprise respectively specimens of Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular architecture. The beautiful western front consists of three arches, 81 feet in height, supported by triangular piers detached from the west wall. A tower and spire once stood over the north-west transept, but the latter has been taken down. The front is flanked on each side with turrets 156 feet high, and crowned with pinnacles. The roof of the nave is painted in lozenge-shaped divisions, containing figures of kings, bishops, grotesques, &c., in colours.

In the year 716 the foundation of Croyland Abbey took place. Guthlac, its founder and patron saint, was a less practical and more ascetic man than Saxulf, the originator of Medeshamsted (Peterborough). He planted his cross in a waste of reeds and rushes. In an MS. in the Cottonian Library, there are a series of illuminations depicting the career of Guthlac, including his departure in a boat for the Fens; his building of the church, working with his own hands; and his rescue from a legion of demons by St. Bartholomew.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO EPPING FOREST

THE ancient Forest of Waltham, which included both Epping and Lainault Forests, comprised 60,000 statute acres, and this was reckoned to be the measurement at the survey of 1793, though even then the enclosures had only left about thirteen thousand acres of woodland and waste. In 1869, when further encroachment was prohibited, and a Royal Commission was formed to deal with all questions of compensation, &c., the actual Forest had dwindled to 3,000 acres. The Corporation of London then took up the matter warmly, and, especially owing to the exertions of Mr. Bedford and Mr. Deputy Stapleton, this residue of the ancient woodland was secured in perpetuity for the enjoyment of the inhabitants of London. This happy conclusion was signalled by a visit in October, 1880, by the Duke of Connaught (who is Ranger of Epping Forest) and his Duchess, and now the Queen herself comes, as it were to set her seal to the acquirement of this grand East End Park. Our artist thus describes his sketches:—

1. The detached portion of building to the right of the drawing is the old Hunting Lodge of Queen Elizabeth. It is now externally repaired and embellished to match the decorations and character of the Royal Forest Hotel.
2. A view from the verge of the Forest at High Beech—embracing Waltham, the valley of the Lea, Hertford, Buckinghamshire, &c.
3. Old Chingford Church, now disused owing to its dangerous condition. The surroundings are very picturesque.
4. Golding's Pond. The Forest is deficient in picturesque sheets of water, but the Corporation are supplying the want by constructing artificial lakes or enlarging those of natural formation.
5. Shows a glade of beeches at High Beech. The finest trees in the Forest are here. The particular part in the sketch is locally called "The Drawing-Room." It consists of a level space of ground, circular in form, surrounded by magnificent trees; and the tender green of spring foliage, the deeper tints of summer, or the rich hues of autumn—enriched by the flickering sunlight—form its decorations.
6. On the hill to the extreme left of the drawing are the well-defined remains of a British camp, about 800 yards in circumference, covered now with forest. There is a fine view from the camp over Essex and Kent, with the Thames like a silver stream between.
7. One of three avenues of lime trees at Wanstead.
8. High Beech Church, surrounded by charming bits of wood and water.
9. Ambresbury Bank. Supposed to be a Roman camp from its angular character. The surrounding trench is in parts full of water. It is suggested that this camp was formed by the Roman opponents of Boadicea, who may have occupied the other camp at Loughton, No. 6.
10. Ambresbury Drive. A lovely drive or walk through the woods past the Bank, No. 9.
11. A charming bit of road through the forest at High Beech, between the Robin Hood and King's Oak Hotels.
12. Artificially formed lake at Loughton. Very pretty surroundings. On the hill above the lake a rustic place of shelter has been constructed, from which the landscape views are very extensive.
13. Picturesque wooden cottages on the edge of the Forest near Loughton.
14. A view over the Forest, between the Foresters' Arms Hotel and High Beech. The Robin Hood Hotel is seen on the top of the distant ridge. The British Camp lies to the right of the drawing. St. Paul's Cathedral, Alexandra Palace, Highgate, &c., can be clearly distinguished in the distance. At the foot of the foreground hill is a large lake.
15. A view near the Robin Hood Hotel, on the road from Loughton to High Beech. Foreground of rich gorse. Distant view of Buckhurst Hill, with water, tower, church, &c.

THE LATE BISHOP OF SYDNEY

AND

MR. JAMES RICE

See page 448.

OUR portraits are from photographs—Mr. Rice by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.; the Bishop of Sydney by J. Hubert Newman, 12, South Head Road, Hyde Park, Sydney.

THE LATE CROWN PRINCESS OF WÜRTEMBERG

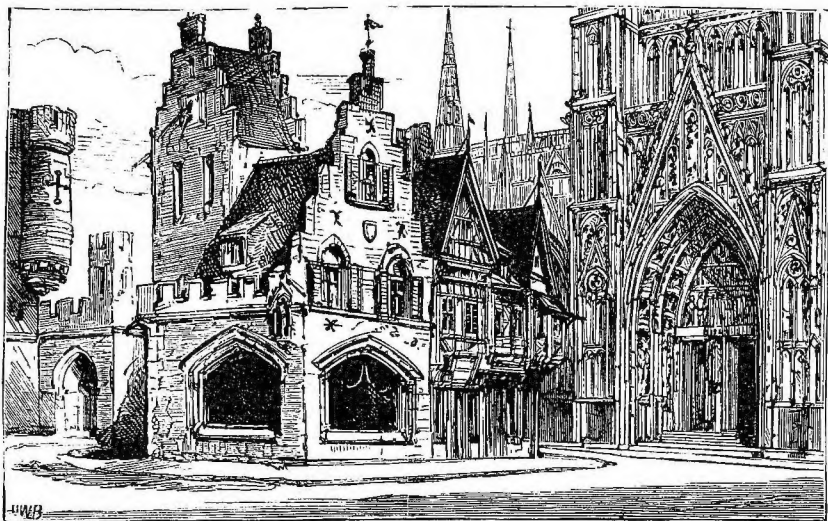
THE Princess Georgina Henrietta Marie, whose sudden and entirely unexpected death has cast a deep shade of sadness over the honeymoon of her sister, the Duchess of Albany, was the second daughter of the reigning Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. She was born on the 23rd of May, 1857, and married on February 15th, 1877, to Crown Prince William Charles Paul Henri Frederic of Württemberg. The Princess, who was staying at Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, gave birth to a still-born daughter on the very day that her sister was married at Windsor, and her accouchement was followed by fever, to which she succumbed on the Sunday following. The distressing character of the event was increased by the fact that her husband was away at Rome; on receipt of the sad intelligence he of course returned immediately, as did also the members of the Royal family of Waldeck and the King and Queen of the Netherlands, who were staying in this country.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Molsbergen and Christmann, Arolsen-Warburg.

THE ROYAL WEDDING—A SKETCH FROM THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR

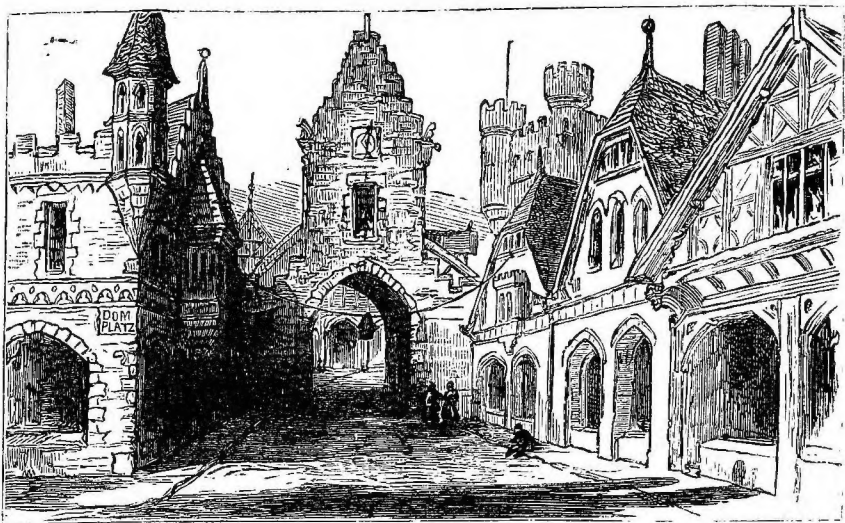
THIS sketch, taken from the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, is intended to depict the appearance of the Castle and the route of the Processions on the day of the Royal Wedding. The Processions passed down Castle Hill through Henry VIII.'s Gateway, and through the Court-yard and Horseshoe Cloisters, to the western entrance of St. George's Chapel. The street in the distance is Peascod Street, and the pointed tower which may be seen over the roofs of St. George's Chapel is the Curfew or Clock Tower—"The most deliciously antique portion of the Castle," writes our artist, "haunted with the memory of Herne the Hunter. The building at the east end of St. George's Chapel is the Albert Memorial Chapel."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE grave had scarcely closed over the mortal remains of Longfellow, when it was reopened to receive those of another American writer, also of world-wide, though far less popular reputation.



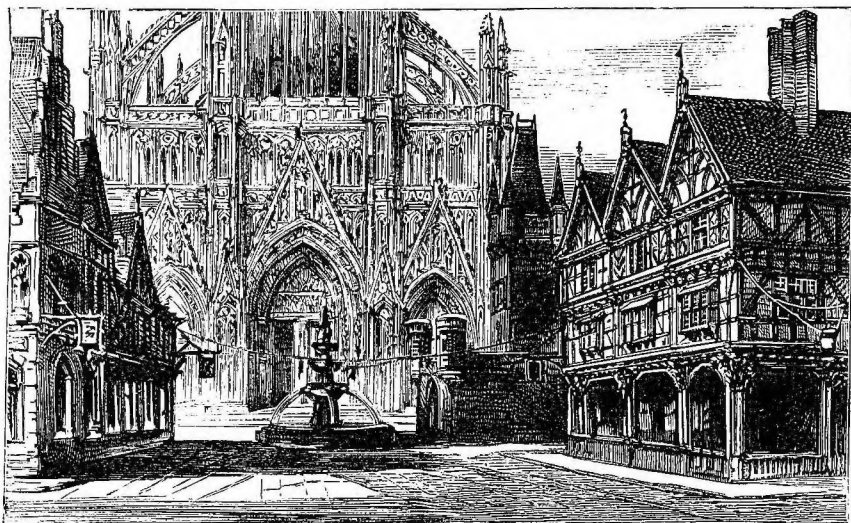
CORNER OF GASTHOF STRASSE



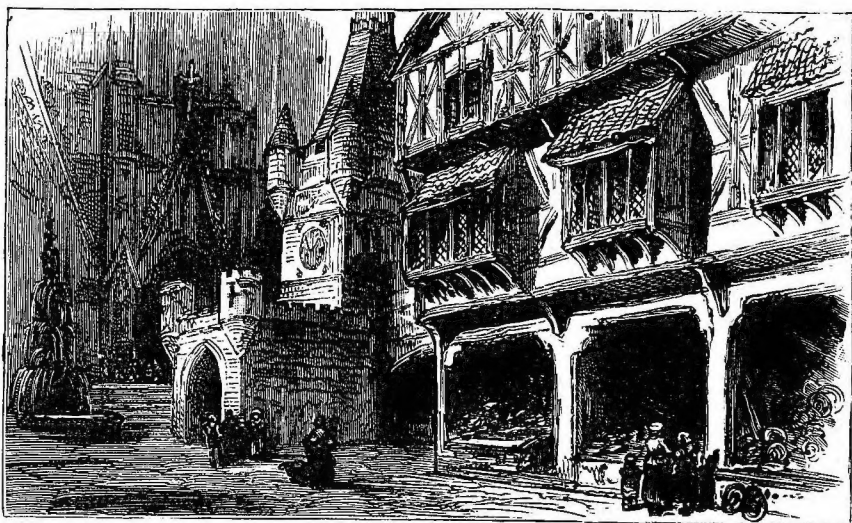
ALBRECHT DÜRER STRASSE



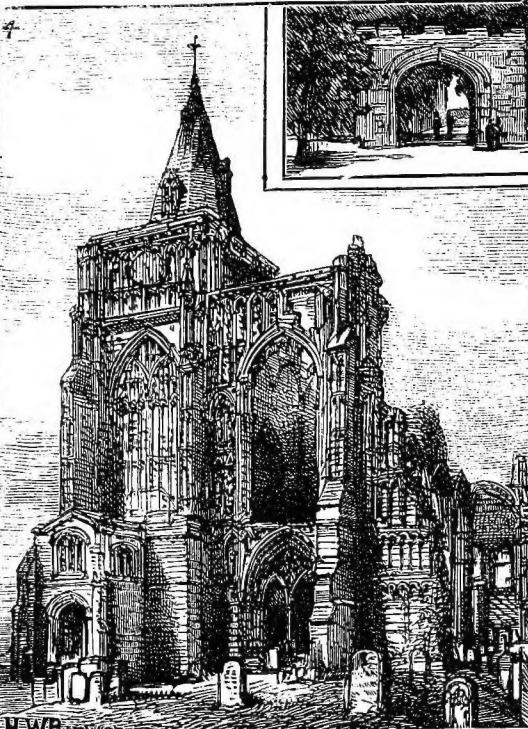
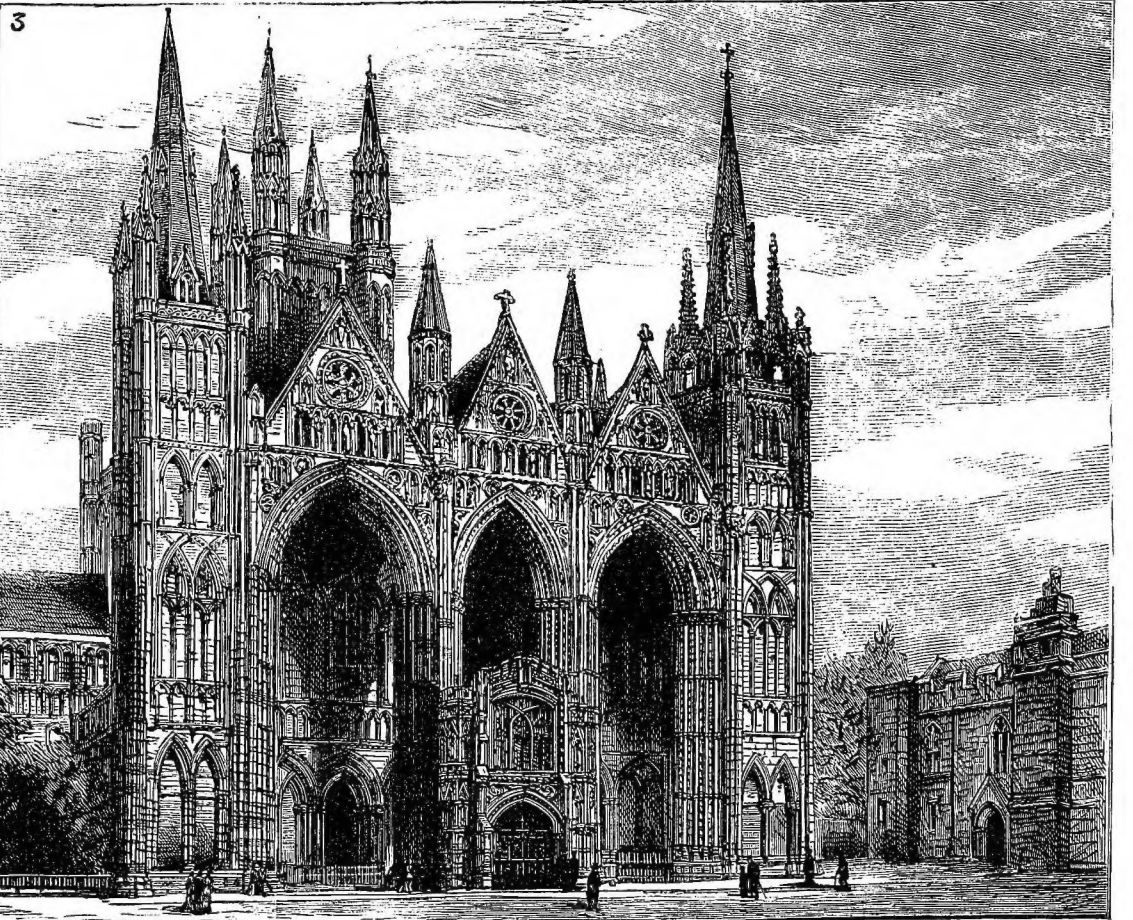
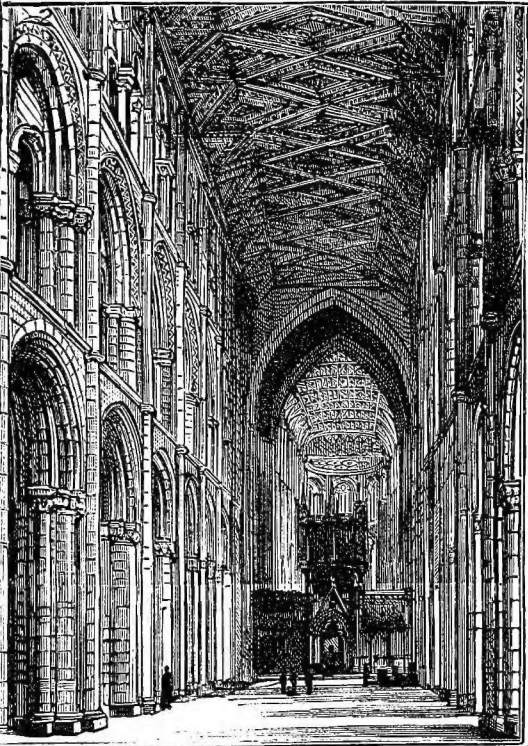
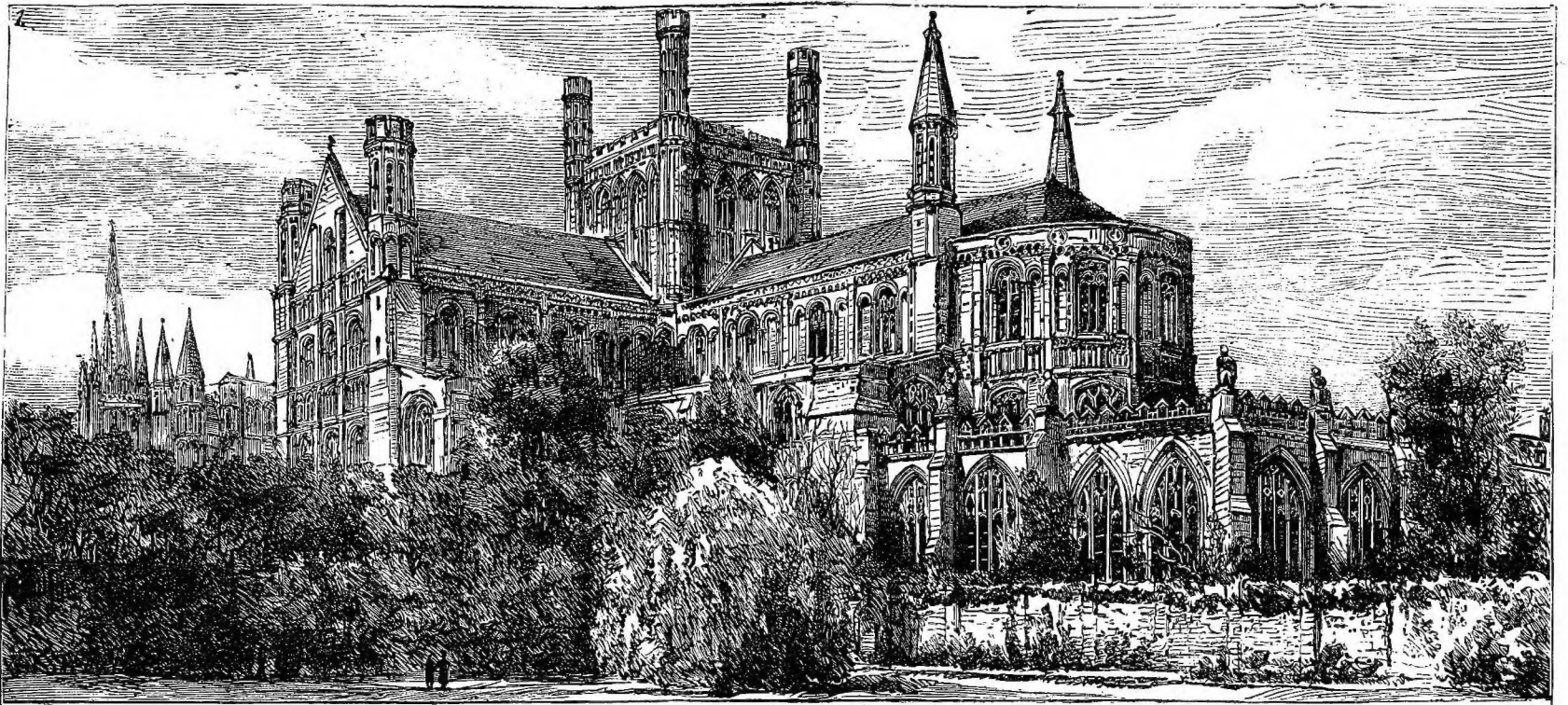
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BAZAAR



THE DOM PLATZ



HAUPT STRASSE



1. The Cathedral, from the South-East.—2. The Nave of the Cathedral, Looking East.—3. The Cathedral, from the North-West.—4. Croyland Abbey.—5.—The Lady Chapel in the Cathedral.—6. View from the Ruins of the Infirmary Church.

SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT PETERBOROUGH

His family came originally from Durham, England, whence, in 1635, to escape the Laudian tyranny, an ancestor emigrated to America. Most of the male Emersons were ministers of religion, and the subject of this notice once remarked that five ministers of Concord Church had been of his kindred.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston on May 23rd, 1803, and was brought up by a widowed mother, who was much aided in home training by an energetic sister-in-law. From the Latin school he went to Harvard University, where he distinguished himself in everything except mathematics. For a while he helped his brother William in teaching a ladies' school, and then between 1829 and 1832 became pastor of a Church in Boston. This was a noteworthy pastorate. There was a singular charm in his eloquence, and he won the confidence of men of the world and of politicians. The Emersons were Unitarians, and when Ralph helped Father Taylor, the Methodist Missionary, in establishing a Seaman's Bethel in Boston, his followers complained that he should associate with "a Unitarian going to hell." "If Emerson goes to hell," replied Father Taylor, "he will change the climate there."

Emerson had been much influenced by some of Carlyle's Essays. He found some of the forms of his own Church uncongenial, and resigned his pulpit. Much afflicted, too, by the loss of his young wife, he sought peace and repose in a visit to Europe. He made a pilgrimage to Craigenputtock to see Carlyle, but was disappointed in him as an oracle of truth.

Returning to America he published his first book, "Nature" (1834), married again, settled at Concord in the house which he occupied till his death, and began his famous lectures. In 1841, the first, in 1844 the second series of his "Essays" appeared, and a small volume of "Poems" in 1847.

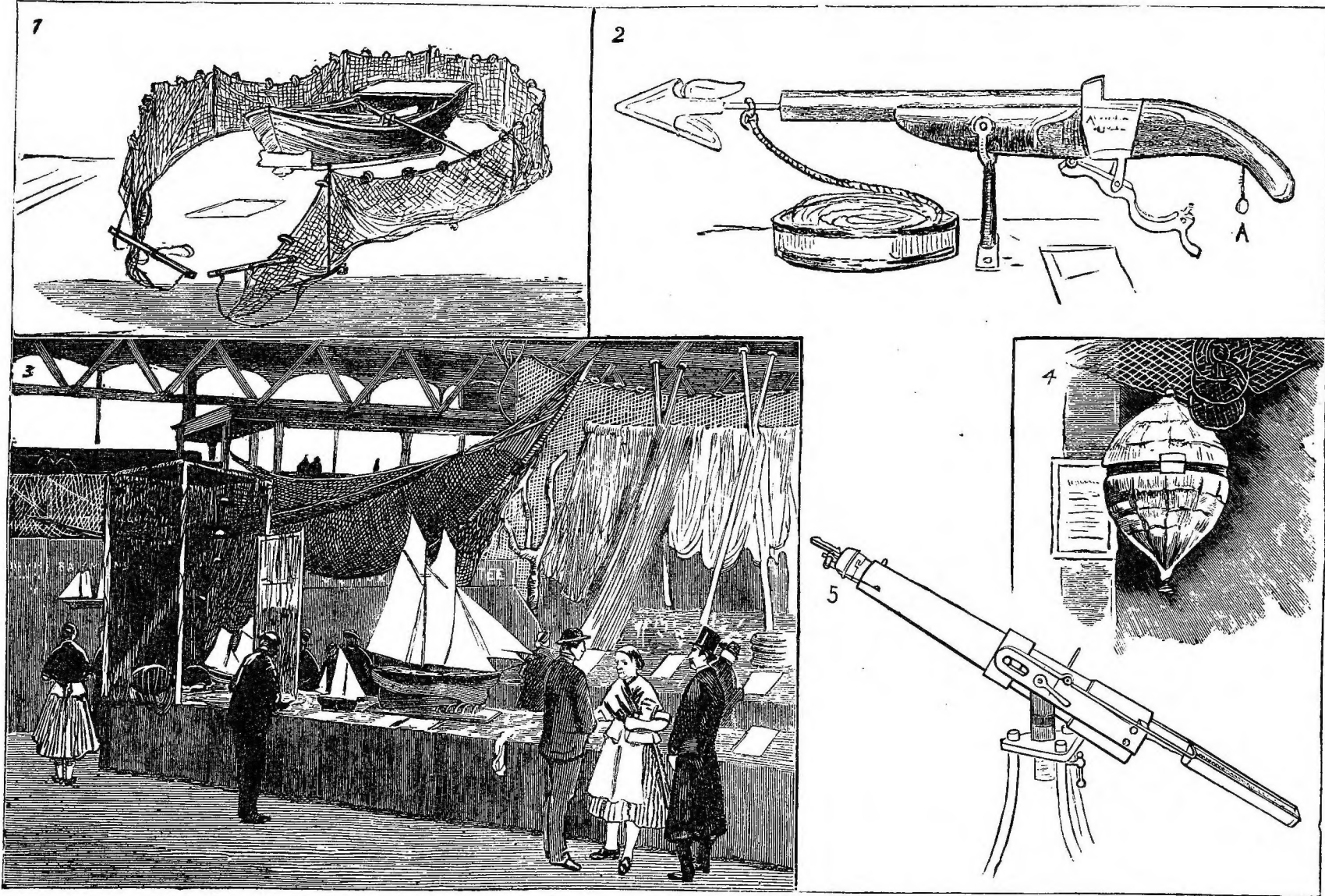
Christopher Davies, of Orwell House, Norwich. Last June Mr. Davies and his friends had a four days' cruise in this district. They had three vessels, the *Swallow*, a four-ton cutter; the *Coya*, a four-ton centreboard boat; and the *Bee*, a 19-foot open centre-board cutter.

Space forbids us to give Mr. Davies' lively log of this most enjoyable inland voyage. We can but add a few disjointed notes in explanation of our pictures. Barton Broad is a magnificent sheet of water, where the wind raised quite respectable waves. After this the chart showed a channel leading to two smaller broads, called Stalham and Sutton. Then the voyagers lay to at the end of the dyke, near Stalham village, and prepared tea. In another sketch we see the *Coya* made snug for the night, with an awning over the well, and two hammocks slung for the skipper and his wife in the little cabin. The Bure is a fine stream, with plenty of width and room. Down this they sailed, and photographed the ruins of St. Benedict's Abbey, while moored side by side for dinner. Then four or five miles up the Thurne, a wide and deep river, brought the voyagers to the Potten Heigham Bridge, where they stayed for the night, spending the evening in fishing and botanising. Next day they visited Hickling, the largest of the Broad. Here there are 400 acres of clear shallow water, bounded by a forest of reeds. At this point the sandhills on the coast were only four miles distant, although the journey by water to the sea (at Yarmouth) was twenty-five miles. The yachts stopped for tea at the picturesque riverside inn at Horning Ferry, and then the *Coya* sailed on to the smaller Broad at Salhouse, where among the lilies she dropped her anchor. The other two boats sailed on up to Wroxham, and so finished a cruise which in spite of one wet day was exceedingly merry and successful.

Exhibition, being the ninth which it has carried off in different parts of the world. The other sketches speak for themselves; but we may mention that the life-line throwing gun also gained a gold medal, the chief novelty of the invention lying in the central apparatus, which is designed to counteract the recoil of the gun. The model of the cable and weir-shot net used at the salmon fisheries in the River Tweed was lent by the Berwick Salmon Fisheries Company (Limited).

NOTES IN SIBERIA

OUR illustrations represent some of the principal objects met with in crossing Siberia from West to East. After leaving Moscow the traveller encounters, in Kasan, a Tatar population, whilst outside the city and in the neighbouring Governments are to be found a number of aboriginal tribes, such as the Tcheremisi, Tchuvashi, Mordvar, &c., who, though nominally Christian, yet still practice the heathen rites of their forefathers; whilst at the extreme North-East of European Russia, and stretching across North-Western Siberia, are the Samoyedes, who pasture their reindeer on the *tundras* which border on the Frozen Ocean. After crossing the Urals, and taking steamer at Tiumen, a day's journey brings the traveller to Tobolsk, formerly the capital of Siberia. On the plateau, with its fortress, which dominates the lower town, are situated the public gardens, some of the principal churches, and the prisons. Exiles condemned to the mines of Eastern Siberia usually spend a year or two on their way at Tobolsk. Distant a journey of eight or nine days by steamer is the city of Tomsk, capital of the province of that name, and with 30,000 inhabitants. In the open square of this city is a good specimen of a feature well known in every Russian town—



1. Model of a Cable, and a Weir Shot Net used in the Tweed Salmon Fisheries.—2. Henry's Breechloading Harpoon Gun (Gold Medal).—3. Newhaven Fishwives Selling Catalogues.
4. Life-Saving Balloon for Communicating Between Stranded Vessels and the Shore.—5. Life-Line Throwing Gun (Gold Medal).

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES' EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH

In this era of Exhibitions, when every industry has its own special display, none are of more interest to Englishmen than those relating to the toilers of the sea. Thus the recent Exhibition at Edinburgh, following that at Norwich last year, is to be succeeded in 1883 by a third, on a much larger scale, in the London Horticultural Gardens. The Exhibition in the Scottish capital, however, was a complete success. The exhibitors numbered some five hundred, and the exhibits were of the most miscellaneous and international nature, specimens of fish and fishing apparatus having been forwarded from Norway and Sweden, France, Germany, Belgium, Scotland, Italy, America, and even Siberia and China. There were models of the variously rigged boats, and specimens of every conceivable kind of tackle, harpoon guns for spearing huge amphibia in the Arctic seas, and microscopic flies for luring trout in the bonnie streams of the Highlands, models of fishermen's dwellings and of huge fish-markets, specimens of life-saving contrivances and of meteorological instruments; while considerable space was devoted to the illustration of pisciculture, hatching and breeding tanks being shown, while the collection of actual fish was enhanced by a splendid contribution of five hundred Scandinavian fishes. The Exhibition was held in the Waverley Hall, and was visited by nearly 33,000 persons. In the evenings the crowd was so large that on one occasion the doors had to be closed for want of room.

Our illustrations represent a few of the chief characteristics. Firstly, we have the picturesquely-costumed Newhaven fish-wives, who were appropriately selected by the Committee to sell the catalogues. The breech-loading harpoon gun is the invention of Mr. Henry. Its weight is 45 lbs., and the bore is 1½ inches. On opening the breech by a downward pressure of the under lever, an internal lock arrangement is cocked, and the same movement abstracts the empty cartridge. The charge of powder is between four and five drachms. The gun gained a gold medal at the

the *gostinnoi dvor*, or market, to which the traveller resorts to lay in a stock of provisions for his drive of a thousand miles to Irkutsk. Of this latter town three-fourths were burnt down in 1879. One of the buildings that escaped was the Emperor's *usine*, where is smelted the gold dust brought from the various mines situated about the neighbouring sources of the Yenesei, the Lena, and the Amur.

About fifty miles north of Irkutsk is one of the largest of the Siberian prisons, called the Alexandrefsky Central Prison, an illustration of which we gave, a few weeks since, from Mr. Lansdell's "Through Siberia." Our present illustration represents the residence of the Governor, which, like most of the Siberian houses, is made of logs, and consequently the more liable to catch fire. The Imperial cash, therefore, and valuables are kept in a round brick-built treasury, and guarded by a sentry.

After leaving Irkutsk, the voyager to the Pacific crosses Lake Baikal and the steppe beyond to Stretimsk on the Shilka, whence the steamer descends that river and the Amur, a distance of 1,345 miles, to Khabarofka. Here the Ussuri flows in from the right, and the traveller may then continue down the Amur to Nikolaefsk, and in so doing pass through the country of the ichthyophagous Gilyaks, who are first cousins to the Ainof Sakhalin; or, again, he may steam up the Ussuri towards Vladivostok. In so doing he passes through the country of the Goldi, a tribe resembling the Gilyaks, and dressing like them, in summer, in garments of fish-skin. At a distance of 664 miles from Khabarofka is Vladivostok, the chief naval port of the Russians in Siberia. It has a magnificent harbour, which, however, is frozen in mid-winter. There are docks, an arsenal, barracks for the fleet sailors in winter, and for soldiers. As many as 8,000 troops were crowded in and about the place at the time of the Berlin Congress in 1878. The town has a population of about 5,000 inhabitants, amongst whom is a considerable number of Chinese. Many of the Coreans also, notwithstanding the threatened punishment of death from their own Government, prefer to emigrate and settle among the Russians. The house in

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 449.

A CRUISE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

THERE can be no jollier way of spending a holiday than in taking a cruise over the charming wilderness of water and reedy marsh known as the Broad District. There are three wide, deep, and navigable rivers—the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure—affording, with their navigable tributaries, 150 miles of sailing. Then there are a number of lagoons or broads communicating with the rivers, and mostly navigable. The river yachts are fast little craft, with comfortable cabins, in which one can very well live for a few days.

Our engravings are from photographs sent to us by Mr. G.

our engraving is that of a Korean who has received from the Russian Emperor a medal in recognition of public services.

We are indebted for our illustrations to the Rev. Henry Lansdell, author of "Through Siberia."

"THE REVOLUTION HOUSE"

IN the little village of Whittington, ten miles south of Sheffield, there is a tumble-down cottage, with thatched, moss-grown roof, and quaint windows. This humble edifice was formerly a tavern bearing the sign of the "Cock and Pynot." The tradition goes that on a certain day, in 1688, while the Earl of Devonshire's pack of harriers was in full cry on Whittington Moor, the Earl, with his friends Lord Danby and Mr. D'Arcy, drew away from the hunt, and made their way to the "Cock and Pynot." There, in "the plotting parlour," they deliberated on the means by which to bring about the Revolution. A hundred years later the descendants of the successful conspirators visited the Revolution House, and saw the chair in which the chief of the party had sat. A great procession to Chesterfield was then formed. The cottage is likely soon to be pulled down (says Miss Edith Gittins of Leicester, to whom we are indebted for our sketch), but if it is the Duke of Devonshire will probably erect a memorial on the site.

A TRANSVAAL CEMETERY

THIS illustration is from a sketch by Lieut. Hon. Frank Colborne, Royal Irish Rifles, and represents the cemetery at Mount Prospect containing the graves of the British officers who fell in the battle of Majuba Hill, which is shown on the left, with Laing's Nek in the distance on the right. First and foremost in interest, however, is the grave of General Pomeroy Colley, who, it may be remembered, was shot in the head at Majuba Hill, on February 27th, 1881. General Colley had attempted to seize the position, which was unoccupied by the Boers, but completely commanded their camp. The Boers, however, by a tremendous assault succeeded in driving back our troops with considerable loss. Of the other graves we may mention that of Colonel Deane, Major Poole, Captain Greer, R.A., Lieutenant Garrett, 60th Rifles, and Lieutenant Connell, 60th Rifles. On the left of sketch is O'Neill's Farm, where the treaty with the Boers was signed.

THE DIDCOT AND NEWBURY RAILWAY

THE Northern Section of the Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton Junction Railway was opened on the 12th ult. by Lady Loyd-Lindsay, wife of Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay, K.C.B., V.C., M.P., Chairman of the Company. The new line commences at the Didcot Junction of the Great Western Railway, and enters Newbury on the eastern side of the town, crossing the rivers Lambourne and Kennett, the length of the section just opened being about seventeen miles. The line from Didcot to Newbury is but the first instalment of an important scheme intended to establish direct railway communication between the southern ports and the great manufacturing centres of the north. The second section, between Newbury and Whitechurch, is now in course of construction, and a Bill is before Parliament this session, supported by the Corporations and inhabitants of Winchester, Southampton, and Newbury, to authorise the extension of the line to Winchester and Southampton, and also to establish a new route between those towns and the metropolis *via* Whitechurch, Burghclere, and Aldermaston, and thence to Reading and London by Great Western Railway. Locally the railway will be of much advantage, as it will bring into close communication a number of places hitherto isolated on account of the chalk downs crossing the country, while it will likewise avoid the necessity of taking the circuitous route *via* Reading.



IRELAND.—The resignation of Earl Cowper and Mr. Forster, and the accompanying announcements of a change of policy in regard to the Government of Ireland, have been the main topics of the week, and the general opinion seems to be that the move is a daring one, which can only be justified by success. At the time we wrote Mr. Forster's promised explanation had not been given, but the nature of it was sufficiently foreshadowed by Mr. Gladstone's declaration that he had declined to share in the responsibility of releasing the suspects. Lord Cowper on the other hand is stated to have retired neither for private reasons nor on account of any political differences, but apparently to enable the Government to appoint a Cabinet Minister in his place. He is succeeded by Lord Spencer, who has already been twice Viceroy of Ireland, whilst Mr. Forster's office, which has not yet been filled up, will probably be offered to Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The rumour that Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, would also resign has been contradicted, but Colonel Hillier, the Inspector-General of Constabulary, will probably retire on a pension. Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, the three imprisoned M.P.'s, were released from Kilmainham on Tuesday night, and started for London next day, when seven more "suspects" were liberated. Not only are the cases of other "suspects" to be considered, with a view to the release of those "not associated with any crime," but as soon as the Procedure Resolutions and financial business are disposed of, the Government will bring in a Bill to strengthen the ordinary law, and facilitate the administration of justice. The renewal of the Protection of Person and Property Act is not contemplated. These changes have naturally produced much excitement throughout the country, and at Dublin, Limerick, Cork, and other places the secession of Mr. Forster and the liberation of the Irish Members have been made the occasion of great popular demonstrations, bonfires blazing on the hills in country districts, whilst in the towns or light processions, with bands and banners, have paraded the illuminated streets. In some cases windows not lit up have been smashed, and collisions with the police have occurred; but, speaking generally, the demonstrations have passed off quietly. In other respects there is little of importance to record. Several fresh agrarian outrages, including one murder, have been reported, and, as a kind of set-off to the release of a number of suspects, several Land League ladies have found their way into prison, whilst on the other hand Justice Fitzgerald has granted a conditional order to quash the conviction of Miss Kirk, who was committed for three months by Mr. Clifford Lloyd, as an agent of the League, but who contends that she was merely engaged in a work of charity.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET was held on Saturday under the presidency of Sir F. Leighton, the gathering being more than usually brilliant, and including the King of the Netherlands, the reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim, and several members of our own Royal Family. Earl Granville responded for "Her Majesty's Ministers," Mr. Spottiswoode for "Science and Literature," the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Northbrook, the Duke of Edinburgh for the "Army, Navy, and Reserved Forces" respectively, and Lord Coleridge for the "Guests." The President in his concluding speech paid the usual tribute to the members of the Academy who had died during the past year, Mr. Solomon Hart, Mr. G. E. Street, and their Honorary Professor of

Ancient Literature, Dean Stanley; and also to others "who did not sit in the fold," John Linnell, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Sir Henry Cole.

AN INDUSTRIAL AND FINE-ART EXHIBITION was opened at Kingston-on-Thames, on Tuesday, by the Duke of Cambridge, who also unveiled a public drinking-fountain erected by the inhabitants as a memorial to the late Mr. Henry Shrubsole, who died in 1879, in the third year of his mayoralty.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS have been suspended so far as the seaward boring is concerned, although the excavations are still being carried on at the approaches, within the limits of the private property owned by the Company.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND ANNUAL DINNER was held on Wednesday at Freemasons' Hall. Lord Salisbury presided; and the other speakers were the Earl of Galloway, Lord E. Cecil, the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Erskine May, Earl Stanhope, the Rev. E. Lansdell, and Mr. Beresford Hope. The Queen sent a donation of 100 guineas, and the subscriptions announced amounted to more than 1,020/.

THE GALE which raged with such violence over the southern and western parts of England seems to have had some very disastrous effects. In several cases life was sacrificed or limbs were broken, whilst the havoc amongst the trees in the metropolitan parks, especially in Kensington Gardens and at Bushey was immense, whilst the promise of a splendid fruit crop cannot now be realised. Near Blackheath a man was killed by the falling of a rotten elm, which three years ago was complained of as "dangerous," and it is not unlikely that the landowner or his agent may have to take their trial for manslaughter. In the Channel several wrecks occurred, but we are glad to see a contradiction of the rumour that the *Western Monarch* emigrant ship, with 300 passengers, had been wrecked.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SHIPS MODELS was opened on Tuesday at the Hall of the Fishmongers Company, London Bridge, by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was presented with the freedom of the Shipwrights' Company, and an address of welcome; and, after inspecting the exhibits, was entertained at luncheon by the members of the Company by whom the Exhibition was promoted. The Exhibition includes models of all styles of craft, ancient and modern, but only those of vessels built within the past five years are eligible for competition.

FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.—On Monday night seven men were killed by an explosion which took place at the Victoria Collieries, Bruntcliffe, Morley; and on Tuesday, by a like accident, nine men were entombed in the Stratford Pit, Baxterley, near Atherstone, and a party of explorers, including Mr. Dagdale, the owner of the mine, were so severely burned by a second explosion that eight of them have since died. The immured men were not reached, and there is little hope of their recovery.



THE TURF.—The defeat of the Duke of Westminster's filly Shotover, last week, in the One Thousand Guineas, after having won the Two Thousand two days before with consummate ease, is about the greatest blow backers of favourites, who had to lay 4 to 1 on her in a field of six, have had for a very long time; and it should be a lesson on the utter folly of backing horses at all, and keeping thousands of bookmakers in clover all over the country. Though St. Marguerite was second favourite, still 10 to 1 was the market price, and remembering the fact that in the Craven week she was beaten both by Paragon and Zeus, who were beaten out of sight by Shotover in the Two Thousand, her victory was, indeed, a surprise. Shotover was only a neck behind the winner, and Nellie was but a head behind Shotover. This performance of Mr. Rothschild's filly was even a greater surprise than St. Marguerite's victory, as, bearing in mind her comparatively recent recovery from illness, no one had any idea that she would make so good a show. There are some good judges who hold that a few yards further she would have won the race, and it is by no means improbable that in the Oaks she will turn the tables on both of the fillies who were before her last week, and to whom she was decidedly superior as a two-year-old. The breeding honours of the Newmarket week, it may be noted, were carried off by the Blankney Stud, where the first and third in the Two Thousand were bred by Mr. Chaplin, while the first three in the One Thousand claim Hermit as their sire. In the Derby of 1866 the three placed horses were sons of Stockwell, and in the Oaks of 1852 the leading trio were daughters of Irish Birdcatcher, Stockwell's grandsire: and these probably are the only instances on record, at least for the last quarter of a century, of one sire claiming all the placed horses in a classic race.—This week the old-fashioned Chester Meeting has been the chief Turf tryst, and the curtailing of it from four days to three has apparently put a little more life into it, but still it seems out of favour with the great body of owners. On the first day the Duke of Westminster, who, of course, is the great patron of the gathering, won two races, and Archer, whose followers had but a sorry time of it at Newmarket, rode four consecutive winners, and the many backers who always have a 10/ on his mounts landed over 110/ each. The once great Handicap, the Chester Cup, run on the second day over the old 2½ miles course, only produced seven runners, the exact number of starters in the two first years of the race, in 1824 and 1827. Since then only twice has a single figure represented them, and for many years from twenty to thirty, and sometimes many more, faced the starter. On this occasion Retreat, who has seldom advanced his backers, was, with Archer up, made a strong favourite at 7 to 4, but he only got third, Lord Rosebery's Prudhomme, the third favourite, winning easily from Pilgrim. Fiddler, the recent winner of the Great Metropolitan, with 12 lbs. penalty, was nowhere, and thus had the tables completely turned on him by Lord Rosebery's horse, whom he beat at Epsom.—At Windsor there has been been pretty fair sport, and it may be noted that Sir G. Chetwynd's Exile II., who also was a disappointment to his followers many times last season, won a couple of races.—The Newmarket running last week has naturally had the effect of giving Bruce a lift in the Derby market, his present quotation being a little over 3 to 1. Kingdom has also made an advance to 6 to 1, and Dutch Oven is backed at 12. There are some who say that Gerald, the American, whose scratching only an hour or two before the start for the Two Thousand is still a very sore point, will "astonish the natives" after all in the Derby, but the market hardly points to such a contingency.—It seems that some of the erudite bookmakers were rather puzzled at Newmarket over the pronunciation of Executor and Zeus, putting the accent in the former name on the penult, and making the latter a dissyllable.

AQUATICS.—It is hardly necessary to say of the great Championship match between Hanlan and Trickett on Monday last on the Thames that it was no race at all, Hanlan doing what he liked with his opponent even more easily than he did with Boyd on the Tyne. He stopped several times on the journey to wave to his friends, and to bale his boat out, and he won the race by so many lengths that after passing the flag-boat he backed his craft to meet his toiling opponent, and then rowing by him, easily beat him, as it were, a second time. The good taste of all these antics, in

which the Canadian is so prone to indulge, may be questioned, but there is no question as to his being far and away the finest sculler of modern days. It is simply a case of "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."—There is some talk of a match between Laycock and Boyd, but we hardly think it will come to anything.

CRICKET.—With the first week in May the willow and leather season fairly begins. At the Universities the Seniors' and the Freshmen's matches have, as usual, been played, and both at Oxford and Cambridge there seems plenty of good material at hand. The fourteen Australian cricketers have arrived in this country, under the captaincy of W. L. Murdoch, and all are reported as being in excellent health, and having kept up their cricket on the deck of the P. and O.'s steamer *Assant*.



A JUMBO CLUB was formed on board the *Assyrian Monarch* during the famous elephant's passage, the *American Register* tells us. The constitution of the club required each member to "look as wise as an owl, as meek as a newly-ordained parson, and as hypocritical as a temperance reformer."

THE ROMAN INTERNATIONAL FINE ART EXHIBITION is to be opened in December after all, notwithstanding the opposition of a large party of Italian artists who declare that they cannot get their works ready in time. Further, they urge that the new Palace of the Fine Arts, now building in the Via Nazionale, will not be finished before next year.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF MURILLO'S DEATH is to be celebrated at Seville, the great artist's birthplace, on May 19th, 20th, and 21st. The festivities are being arranged by the clergy, and one of the great features will be the open-air performance of several of Calderon's sacred dramas in the public squares and market-places, a practice which has been discontinued for over a century.

SOME QUAIN GENEALOGICAL TREES OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY are exhibited at the Berlin Heraldic Exhibition. One not very reliable document traces the origin of the Hohenzollerns to 419 A.D.; but the most authentic is a recent table beginning with Frederick, Count in the Süllichgau and Hattenhundert, in 1027, and concluding with the youngest scion of the Hohenzollerns, born in 1880.

THE ANNUAL FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE on July 14 is to be celebrated with additional festivities this year in Paris, as the new Hotel de Ville will be formally inaugurated by the Municipality. The chief rejoicings are likely to be held in the Bois de Vincennes instead of the Bois de Boulogne, as the former is situated in a less aristocratic and more strictly popular quarter, while another novelty will be a grand nautical fête on the Seine.

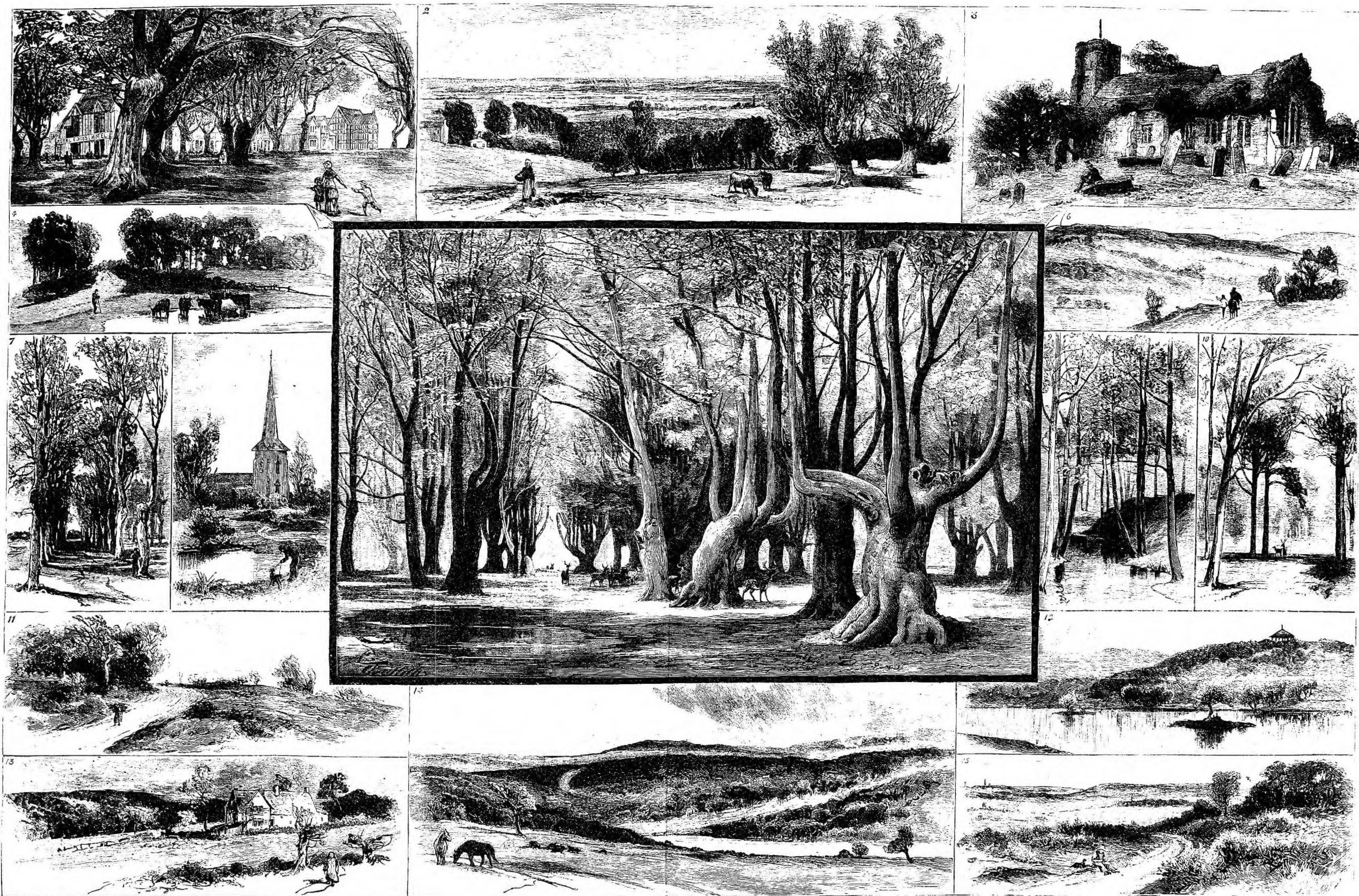
A WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF FISH has occurred in the French River Cher near its junction with the Loire, owing to the recent burning down of a chemical manufactory close to Montluçon. Streams of sulphuric acid flowed out of the factory, and formed a rivulet to the Cher, where the acid was carried down by the current, and destroyed all the fish in its way. Thousands of dead carp, eels, and barbel have been floating on the surface of the water, and the inhabitants have been put to considerable trouble to prevent the disaster extending to the waters of the Loire.

FOOD ADULTERATION IN GERMANY is being vigorously put down, and the authorities are especially sharp upon milk and wine adulterators. One erring wine manufacturer in the Palatinate has had all his stock seized, and has been condemned to a fine of 100/., and three months' imprisonment, during which he may console himself by hoping for the same good luck as a brother merchant who, after suffering similar penalties in the Fatherland, has been offered a handsome salary by an American firm, on condition of coming out to give them lessons in adulteration, more leniently regarded by a Republican Government. The Germans are also looking after the butchers, and have condemned two Cologne vendors of unwholesome meat to six months' imprisonment and the loss of their citizens' rights for two years.

LONDON MORTALITY still continues to decrease, and last week 1,520 deaths were registered against 1,573 during the previous seven days, a decline of 52, being 105 below the average, and at the rate of 204 per 1,000. These deaths included 16 from small-pox (an increase of 8), 57 from measles (an increase of 21), 32 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 16), 14 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 129 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 24), 15 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), and 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 1). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 311 (a decline of 20 and 57 below the average), of which 163 were attributed to bronchitis and 106 to pneumonia. There were 2,460 births registered against 2,683 during the previous week, being 272 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.5 deg., and 1.9 below the average.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN REGENT'S PARK now contain 2,294 animals, 1,389 birds, and 258 reptiles, which last year were visited by 648,694 persons—a considerable diminution on the visitors of the previous twelve months. Few alterations were made in the Gardens during 1881, but the new insect-house was opened, and although this was utilised during the winter for birds and reptiles, it will shortly be restored to its original purpose. Just now some rare and fine specimens of exotic moths and butterflies are being hatched there, particularly the two moon-moths of India and North America. In the cages behind the insect-house, also, are two new specimens of birds—the Australian warty-faced honey-eater (*Meliphaga Phrygia*) and the Sumatra radiated fruit-cuckoo (*Carpococcyx radiatus*), a curious bird, which, though like the cuckoo in structure, differs considerably in habits and appearance, and slightly resembles a rail.

THE PARIS SALON has opened with the alarming number of 5,613 objects to be inspected by the Art-loving public. Of these 2,722 are oil paintings, 1,328 water-colour drawings, and 886 sculptures. We have already made preliminary mention of the most noteworthy pictures, but we may state that at present great success has been attained by M. Carolus Duran's "Entombment of Christ," M. Benjamin Constant also sends an "Entombment," and M. Dubufe a gigantic diptych, "Secular and Sacred Music." M. Roll's huge canvas of "The Fête of July 14th, 1880," is regarded as a wonderful *tour de force*, but the conception has been pronounced commonplace. Of the various military subjects one of the most noteworthy is M. Boumetz's "French Brigade at Metz Burning its Colours," while of the historical pictures M. Laurens contributes "The Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian," a simple and unpretending composition. M. Jules Breton sends a homely scene, "Evening in a Finisterre Hamlet," M. Bastien Le Page a rural composition of an old peasant and a young girl, and M. Van Marcke a capital study of cows. One of the most attractive pictures, however, is Mlle. Louise Abbema's "Four Seasons," represented by four actresses of the Théâtre Français, Mlle. Baretta portraying Spring, Mlle. Samary Summer, Madame Sarah Bernhardt Autumn, and Mlle. Reichemberg Winter. Of the portraits perhaps the most striking are Lady Dalhousie by Carolus Duran, a splendid head by Bonnat, and a Florentine lady by Cabanel. There are, as usual, numberless nudities of a style—as a contemporary appropriately observes—far more suggestive of Molière than Titian.



1. GLADE OF OAKS NEAR QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LODGE.—2. VIEW FROM HIGH BEECH.—3. OLD CHINGFORD CHURCH.—4. GOLDING'S PONDS.—5. A GLADE OF BEECHES: "THE DRAWING ROOM," HIGH BEECH.—6. SITE OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH CAMP.—7. AVENUE OF LIMES, WANSTEAD.—8. HIGH BEECH CHURCH.—9. AMBRESBURY BANK (SUPPOSED ROMAN CAMP).—10. AMBRESBURY DRIVE.—11. ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST AT HIGH BEECH.—12. LAKE AT LOUGHTON.—13. COTTAGES, YORK HILL, NEAR LOUGHTON.—14. VIEW OVER THE FOREST BETWEEN THE "FORESTERS' ARMS" HOTEL AND HIGH BEECH.—15. VIEW FROM THE FOREST NEAR THE "ROBIN HOOD" INN, LOOKING TOWARDS BUCKHURST HILL.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST



FRANCE.—The Chamber has reassembled, but the real business of the Session will not begin until next week. There is no lack of important measures in prospect, each of which will produce a most vigorous debate—not, as heretofore, simply between Republicans and Conservatives, but between the various sections of the Republicans themselves. During the recess the divisions amongst the Republicans have become more marked, and the result of this was made manifest in last Sunday's elections, where three out of four contests were rendered null and void through the number of Republican candidates who split up the vote, and thus prevented each other obtaining the legal majority.

PARIS circles have been very busy this week. There has been a grand speech day at the Académie, where M. Pasteur has been received, and made an admirable eulogy on his predecessor, M. Littré, acknowledging, however, that he differed from him with regard to his Comtist views. M. Rénan was the replying speaker, and he equally criticised the Comtist theories, only from somewhat a different standpoint from M. Pasteur. Both were very fine speeches, and should be read by every philosophical student.

Turning to dramatic circles, the novelty of the week has been a five-act drama by the Communist heroine, Louise Michel. It is entitled *Nadine*, is played at Les Bouffes du Nord, deals with the revolutionary struggle between Poland and Russia, and ends with the father shooting his son because the latter, chosen by lot, refuses to assassinate a tyrant prince.—Great regret is being expressed in theatrical circles at the retirement of M. Delaunay, the well-known *jeune-premier* of the Théâtre Français. He is only fifty-six, but an affection of the eyes renders him unable to continue to face the glare of the footlights.

The news from **TUNIS** grows more favourable every week. M. Cambon appears to be ruling quietly and wisely; and now that M. Roustau is gone, Germany has apparently officially recognised the French Protectorate, the German Consul-General having applied for his *exequatur* through the French Resident, and being presented to the Bey through him as Minister for Foreign Affairs. From **ALGERIA** is reported an attack on a surveying party, numbering 300 members, by a large force of insurgents, estimated at 2,000. The French were compelled to retreat, with the loss of fifty men killed and twenty-eight seriously wounded.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The outlook of affairs in **BOSNIA** has not been improved by the resignation of the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Finance and Minister for Bosnia, M. de Szlavy, owing to the adverse vote of the Hungarian Delegation, which cut off two million florins from the sum demanded by the Cabinet towards the occupation of the province.

In **BULGARIA** Prince and people appear to be growing more and more at variance with each other. Prince Alexander, who was taking a quiet little Continental tour, has suddenly changed his route and gone to St. Petersburg—it is thought to take advice upon the situation, which is becoming more aggravated every day. Ever since the forcible suspension of the Constitution, and the packed elections which subsequently took place, there has been little cordiality between the two, and matters have not been mended by the fact that the Prince and his chosen Ministers have done nothing whatever during the past year save arranging for the building of a palace at a cost of 80,000*l.*, and bringing about a deficit in the Budget. Thus the Liberals have been working hard to foment a strong agitation against the present unconstitutional *régime*. In this, with the help of the Russian Consul-General, they have fairly succeeded; committees have been formed in every town, and a monster meeting is being organised at Sofia for the purpose of passing resolutions demanding the formation of a responsible Ministry, the convocation of a National Assembly, and in fact a return to Constitutional rule. As it is known that the Prince would rather abdicate than grant such concessions as these, his successor has been openly discussed, and to curry Muscovite favour the Liberals do not hesitate to assert that a Russian would be highly acceptable. As the Prince is a practical relation of the Czar, however, and has now gone directly to St. Petersburg for counsel, it is most unlikely that he will be abandoned by Alexander III., who will probably recall the obnoxious Consul-General, and replace him by some official whose chief business will be to find some means of reconciling Prince Alexander and his disaffected subjects.

In **TURKEY** Proper there has been a Ministerial crisis, but they manage their little matters on the Bosphorus more quietly, and with a high hand. Said Pasha has been "dismissed," and replaced by Abdurrahman Pasha, a devout Mussulman of the old school, who has been Governor of Bagdad, and is a distinguished Orientalist writer, though but little versed in Western languages. Mr. Foster has been assured by Said Pasha that his dismissal had no connection with the Russian indemnity question, but whether this be so or no it is generally thought that there will be a change in the policy hitherto pursued by the Porte with regard to M. de Novikoff's terms, and that a settlement will now speedily be accomplished. The appointment is also regarded as another proof of the Nationalist policy of the Sultan.

In **EGYPT** the alleged conspirators against Arabi Pasha have been tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to degradation and exile, the finding of the Court concluding with a notification that as the plot was considered to have been instigated by Ismail Pasha, "who sent Ratib Pasha to Egypt to organise it, the question of the discontinuance of his Civil List will be submitted to the Khedive and the Council of Ministers." The Khedive, however, refuses to confirm the sentence until the minutes of the proceedings have been submitted to him. It is thought probable that even if Tewfik does confirm the sentence he will allow the conspirators a full pardon, and indeed the star of Arabi Pasha is manifestly on the wane. It now appears to be pretty generally agreed upon between the Powers that should there be any further outbreak of trouble in Egypt, the Porte will be called upon to intervene militarily and to support the Khedive. Thus, according to one telegram, four Turkish ships are kept in readiness at Constantinople for the immediate transport of troops should occasion arise. The feeling against Arabi Pasha has not been a little enhanced by his harsh treatment of the Circassian officers, and the fact that the chief inhabitants of Constantinople harems are Circassian ladies.

RUSSIA.—Yet another plot has been discovered to assassinate the Czar at Moscow during the Coronation festivities, a man, Koboseff Bogdanowitsch, who had offered to illuminate the Kremlin with the electric light, having been discovered to be preparing to blow up the whole citadel. At his residence, moreover, a number of peasant's caps were found charged with dynamite. These were to be thrown up into the air and explode as they fell to the ground. Taking all things into consideration, it is not surprising to hear a rumour that the coronation will not after all take place at Moscow, but quietly at the ancient monastery at Lawra. The Moscow Exhibition will be opened on the 13th inst., and close on August 13th.

Fresh outrages on the Jews are reported, and the emigration from Russia of unfortunate Israelites is assuming very large proportions—seven thousand alone having applied to the Jaffa Committee for

assistance to enable them to settle in Palestine. The Minister of the Interior has denied that the anti-Jewish disturbances have resulted from inaction on the part of the authorities. At Balta the fault lay with the Jews, who had begun a demonstration in resentment for an insult offered to a Jew by a child. Disturbances at other places have been avoided by the energetic action of the central and local administrations.

Three survivors of the *Jeannette* Expedition, Lieutenant Danenhauer, the seaman Cole, and the Chinese steward Tong-Sing, have arrived at St. Petersburg on their way home, and have received all possible welcome and attention. Lieutenant Danenhauer is still suffering from his eyes, and Cole is practically a raving lunatic, having to be narrowly watched by day and night. The naturalist, Mr. Newcomb, remained a day behind at Moscow. Lieutenant Danenhauer gives no hope that Captain De Long and his men will be found alive in the wilderness east of the Obi, where Engineer Melville and his parties are now on the search.

INDIA.—The Ameer now seems fairly to have postponed his visit to Turkestan. A careful watch is kept at Ghorian on the Persian frontier, so that no partisan of Yakoub Khan can enter Afghanistan from Persia without knowledge. Herat is said to be quiet and well-governed, and trade is reviving there.

UNITED STATES.—New York has been startled by the discovery of infernal machines sent through the post to Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Cyrus Field. Fortunately one exploded during its transit, and no damage was done. A third was placed in the vestibule of a house, which was supposed to be inhabited by a superintendent of police, who recently prohibited a Socialist procession. The boxes were wrapped in German newspapers, and the outrage is attributed to the Socialists, who consequently are being warmly denounced by the Transatlantic Press.—The new Chinese Exclusion Bill has been passed by 32 votes to 15.—Twenty thousand more Transatlantic tourists are expected to come to Europe than last year.—The immigration returns continue to be very large, but there is considerable demand for labour. Raw Irish girls without recommendations are immediately engaged at wages varying from 2*l.* to 4*l.* per month.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In **GERMANY** the German Parliament has been opened, and the Government have announced the reintroduction of the Working Men's Accident Insurance Bill, the substitution of indirect for direct taxation, and that the majority of the Federal Governments were in favour of the Tobacco Monopoly measure. Dr. Siemens' improved electric tramway has been tried with great success. The electricity is conducted by means of overhead wires instead of through the rails.—In **SPAIN** the Franco-Spanish Treaty of Commerce has been voted, but there is a latent agitation in Catalonia (where all classes are now said to be wearing the Catalan red cap) which bodes evil for the future.—In **SOUTH AFRICA** the discontent is increasing, and a Zulu deputation, some 2,000 strong, has been to Pietermaritzburg, to lay their griefs before Sir Henry Bulwer. They had come without a pass from the Resident, and the chiefs included three brothers of Cetewayo, and several chiefs living under the rule of John Dunn, towards whom the feelings of the Zulu chiefs is anything but friendly. Sir Henry Bulwer, however, refused to receive the deputation, and ordered the members back to Zululand.



MOST of the Royal visitors who had been staying with the Queen for the Duke of Albany's Wedding left Windsor at the end of last week, and on Saturday the Princess Louise went back to London. Next morning the Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Victoria attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Butler preached, and on Monday Princess Beatrice went to town to take leave of the Queen of the Netherlands, returning home with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who came down to Windsor to spend the Duke's thirty-second birthday with the Queen. In the afternoon Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse visited the Duke and Duchess of Albany at Claremont, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday the Queen gave audience to Lord Granville, and received Lord Thurlow and Sir J. M'Neill on their return from attending the King and Queen of the Netherlands to Queenborough. On Wednesday, Her Majesty held a Council. To-day (Saturday), the Queen visits Epping Forest, where elaborate preparations have been made to receive the Royal party. Accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty will drive along the Connaught Drive to High Beech, where the Queen will receive the Corporation Address, and dedicate the Forest to the public, and will then view the Royal Forest Hotel and Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge on the way home. Next week Her Majesty will stay in town from Monday till Thursday to hold Drawing Rooms on Tuesday and Thursday. The first State Ball of the Season takes place at Buckingham Palace on the 17th inst., and the first State Concert on the 26th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a grand dinner-party, followed by an evening party, to the Royal foreign visitors at the end of last week, the Crown Prince of Denmark arriving in time to join the party. On Saturday the Prince of Wales with the Dukes of Connaught and Hesse went to the races at Kempton Park, where the Prince's horse *Fairplay* won the Royal Steeplechase, and in the evening the Prince attended the Royal Academy banquet, the King of the Netherlands, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Prince of Waldeck also joining the party, whilst the Princess of Wales accompanied the Queen of the Netherlands, Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duchesses of Edinburgh and Connaught to the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and paid a visit of condolence to the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince and Princess of Waldeck, subsequently entertaining at dinner Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg. Next day the Queen of the Netherlands visited the Princess, and the Prince and Princess with the Crown Prince of Denmark went to Victoria Station to see the King and Queen off. On Tuesday night the Princess and her brother went to the Comedy Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and the Crown Prince of Denmark dined with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.—Princes Albert Victor and George have been visiting Damascus, and have now gone to Beyrout.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Monday night were present at the first Symphony Concert. On Tuesday the Duke opened the Shipwrights' Exhibition of Ships' Models, and in the evening accompanied the Duchess to the Olympic Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany's honeymoon has been saddened by the loss of the Duchess's elder sister, Princess William of Württemberg, who died suddenly of fever. The Prince and Princess of Waldeck and their family accordingly left immediately for Stuttgart, while the King and Queen of the Netherlands were obliged to forego numerous engagements, particularly the visit to the Guildhall, although King William received the Lord Mayor and Corporation privately, as well as a deputation from the Shipwrights' Company. Their Majesties left on Monday night.



THE NEW BISHOPS.—On Monday, at Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, and Antigua, and Dr. Mitchinson, ex-Bishop of Barbadoes, consecrated the Right Rev. John Miller Strachan, D.D., and the Right Rev. Herbert Bree, D.D., to the vacant Bishopsrics of Rangoon and Barbadoes respectively.

THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN.—Two funeral sermons on the late Mr. Charles Darwin were last Sunday preached at Westminster Abbey to large congregations, one in the afternoon by the Bishop of Carlisle, and the other in the evening by Canon Farrar. Both preachers paid a high tribute to Mr. Darwin's patient devotion to his work, and the modest and dignified composure with which he met the passionate storms of controversy which at one time raged around him; and both urged that the great scientist was not a materialist, and denied that his theory or his discoveries were necessarily in conflict with a belief in God.

THE MAY MEETINGS are still going on. To those already mentioned we have now to add the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Home and Colonial School Society, the Sunday School Union, the National Temperance League, the Prisons Missions for Women, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of London's Fund, the Baptist Union, the Missions to Seamen Society, the Christian Vernacular Education Society of India, the Sabbath Day Observance Society, the Charity Organisation Society, Friends of the Clergy Corporation, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Bible-Teaching Mission, and the Social Purity Alliance.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL WINDOW in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, mainly the gift of the printers of London, was unveiled on Sunday last, Canon Farrar preaching an appropriate sermon from the text, "Let there be Light," and making an appeal on behalf of the Printers' Pension Fund, to which the offertory was devoted.

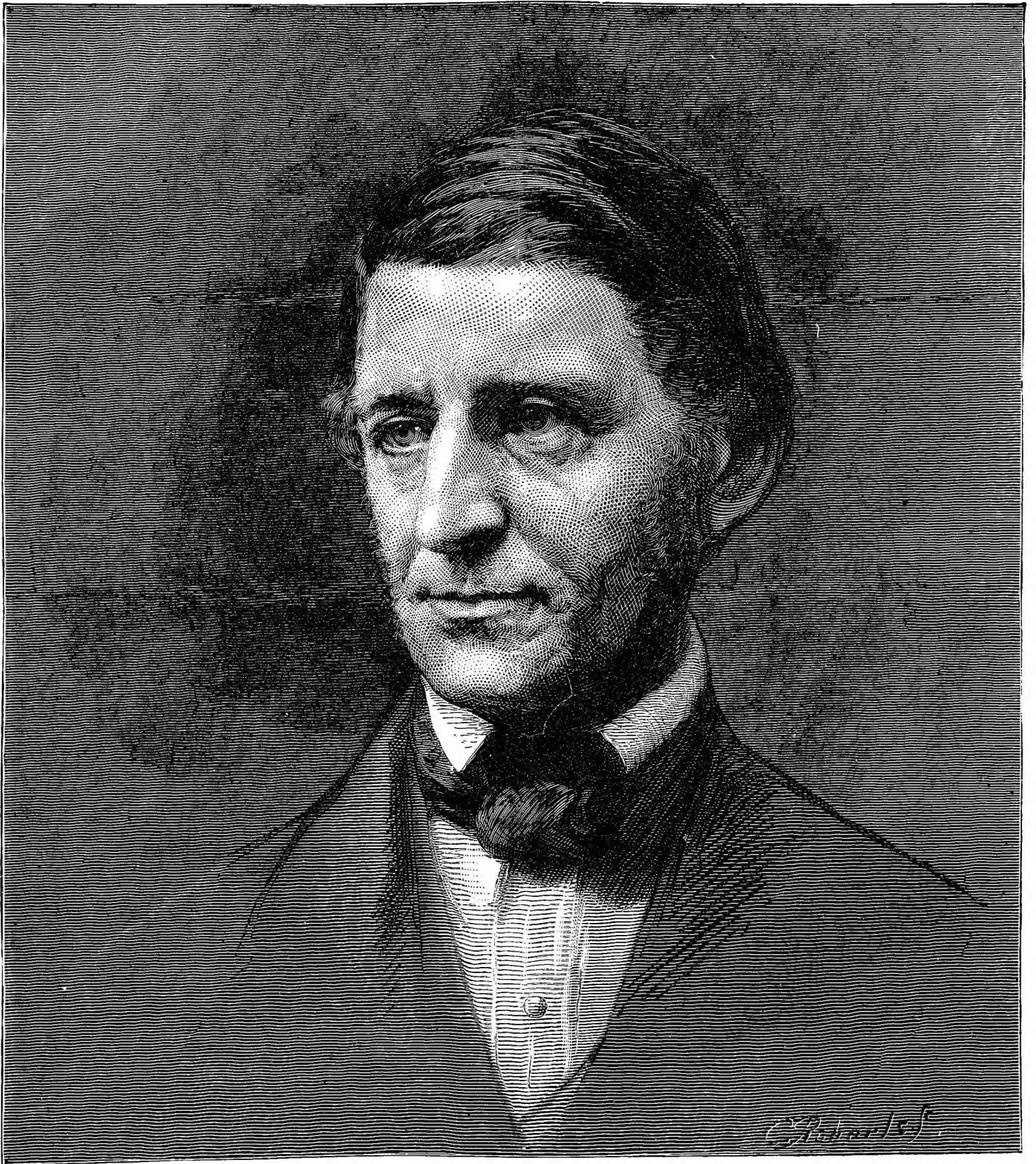


ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first appearance of Madame Albani brought, as rarely fails to happen, a crowded house and a genuine success. The success on this occasion was achieved in a character never previously represented by the gifted songstress before a London audience. Those who admire Madame Albani for qualities that entitle her to special distinction might have calculated in advance on the manner in which she would portray the heroine of Dumas' romance and Verdi's still popular opera. That she would sing the music of *La Traviata* in perfection every amateur was persuaded beforehand. It lies easily within the compass of her voice; and the charm of that voice, to say nothing about the artistic use made of it by its possessor, is universally recognised. The plaintive soliloquy, "Ah forse è lui," a true test of vocal expression, with its animated "cabaletta," and "Sempre libera," as true a test of vocal fluency, were alike satisfactory, the one for its touching plaintiveness, the other for its brilliant execution. Both caused a display of enthusiasm too genuine for doubt. Madame Albani's delineation of the character is just what might be expected from her engaging artistic idiosyncrasy—never obtrusive, always earnest, graceful, and intelligent, impassioned where the situation requires it, and softening down what, but for such refined and delicate handling, might be (and has been) more or less uninviting. Signor Frapolli was an excellent Alfredo, and Signor Cotogni an elder Germont worthy all praise. The opera announced for this evening is *Faust e Margherita*, with Madame Albani as the heroine.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first Wagner "cycle" was to begin last night, with *Rheingold*, too late for immediate notice. *Die Walküre* is to follow, this evening, to be succeeded on Monday and Tuesday, respectively, by *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. As prognosticated some time ago, Richard Wagner is too exclusively occupied with the necessary arrangements for *Parsifal* to allow of his anticipated arrival in London during the performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The disappointment in many quarters will be great; and unless the much-talked-of journey to Greece, with its contemplated issue in an "opera-drama" derived from some tempting subject belonging to Grecian mythology, be carried out, there is reason to believe that *Parsifal* will be its composer's last great work. He has devoted all his time and thought to it since the memorable representations of the "Tetralogy" at Bayreuth (1876), when the poem was already completed and the music in a fair state of progress. This is not surprising; for if the score asserts congenially with the drama, *Parsifal* will doubtless be the crowning glory of its author.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the fiftieth season, and most probably the last that we are to expect, naturally drew a crowded audience to St. James's Hall. We have already dwelt upon the causes that have inevitably brought about the too early collapse of so admirable an institution, and need not recur to them. Nor on such an occasion is it necessary to speak about the performance in detail. The oratorio was *Solomon*, with the additional accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa, who, to the general satisfaction, had so completely regained his health as to be able to conduct with all that energetic precision and thorough mastery of the score, which have so frequently ensured a perfect execution of Handel's magnificent choruses. It was well that the great chief who revived the declining fortunes of the Sacred Harmonic Society as far back as 1848, and has directed them, with rare intervals, ever since, should preside over the very last. Sir Michael on appearing in the orchestra was hailed with unanimous cheering, which was renewed with increased enthusiasm after the National Anthem (his own arrangement) at the end. The demonstration was as genuine as it was justly due. The performance was excellent throughout.

WAGNERS.—Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* has at length been produced in Cologne, thus completing the "cycle" of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, for the edification of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller and the inhabitants of the City of the Three Kings.—The new opera house in Pesth will be "inaugurated" in 1884, at the instigation of the Emperor of Austria.—The State Convention of 30,000 roubles granted to the Warsaw theatres this year is to be renewed in 1883.—It is rumoured that the director of the Bombay Theatre intends visiting Europe with a native company, to give performances in the Hindustani and Persian languages.—At Frankfort-on-Maine *Die Walküre* has followed *Rheingold* in the new opera house; so, we may presume that the entire "Tetralogy" will be presented in this as in other devoted cities.—The Gewandhaus at Leipzig, so far as music is concerned, will soon be a thing of the past. A comprehensive history of the Gewandhaus Concerts from their beginning



BORN MAY 25, 1803

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DIED APRIL 27, 1882

would be an interesting and valuable addition to musical literature.—The once popular Spanish composer, Juan Casamitjana, died a short time since at Valencia, in his 75th year.—According to general report at Milan, a new theatre is in contemplation, the appointed site being the Corso Venezia.—The new theatre at Buenos Ayres has been opened to the public.—The Italian lyric performances in St. Petersburg will not be given, as heretofore, at the Grand Theatre, but at "the Maria," henceforth to be denominated "Imperial Theatre of Italian Opera."—The *Duca d'Alba* has been cordially welcomed at the San Carlo, Naples. Donizetti is evidently becoming once again "the fashion" in his own country. *Tanto me liore*.—Bellini's monument, by Monteverde, is now being erected on the chosen site in the Piazza Stesicorea. Better late than never.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan has returned to London, bringing with him, not the hoped-for "Egyptian Symphony," but, we believe, the score of a new comic opera, to another libretto by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The symphony may perhaps come later on.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

A GENERAL impression seems to prevail that the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is considerably below the average of recent years. This arises probably from the paucity of large and important figure compositions, and the fact that some of our most distinguished painters are not so well represented as might reasonably have been expected. It is known that several important pictures intended for the present exhibition were not finished in time to appear. Hence there is no work by Mr. Calderon, and Mr. Alma Tadema sends only a single portrait. We are inclined, however, to think that, although it contains nothing of pre-eminent importance, and not many works likely to leave a permanent impression on the memory, in general merit the exhibition is equal to its predecessors. That the progress and development of art in this country, though slow, is uninterrupted, we find ample evidence in the unusually large number of pictures by young and comparatively unknown artists, displaying a considerable amount of technical accomplishment as well as artistic instinct. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the English school in imaginative or poetic art, there can be no question as to our supremacy in portraiture. We doubt whether the combined efforts of the rest of Europe could furnish a series of portraits worthy to be compared to those in the present collection by Mr. Millais, Mr. Watts, Mr. Holl, Mr. Oules, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, and Mr. Collier. The marked advance which English sculpture has made during the last few years is well maintained, and it is satisfactory to find the works in this important department of Art are exhibited under more favourable conditions than before.

The most important work in the way of abstract design is Sir Frederick Leighton's "Phryne at Eleusis" (307), which occupies a central place in the third gallery. The picture, which is treated in a simple and somewhat decorative style, represents, on a scale much larger than life, the Athenian Phryne standing in an attitude of combined dignity and grace, before a temple overlooking the sea. The artist's perception of beauty of the noblest kind and his cultivated power of design are shown alike in the drawing and modelling of the figure, and in the perfect balance and symmetry of the composition. In colour it is less satisfactory; not only is the flesh of a uniform dusky red tint, and the drapery crimson, but every part of the picture is pervaded by a sickly glow of warm colour. A picture by the President likely to achieve a much greater amount of popularity than this hangs in the first room. It is called "Wedded" (71), and represents a young Greek, clad in a leopard's skin, tenderly kissing the fingers of a girl who confidently surrenders herself to his embrace. We find here, together with beauty of face and form and spontaneous grace of movement, general harmony of colour and perfect keeping. Another admirable picture by the artist hanging near, "Day Dreams" (56), shows a girl clad in loose purple drapery, in a pensive mood leaning her head, which is one of supreme loveliness, on her clasped hands.

Leaving the President's other works for future notice, we return to the third gallery, where opposite the "Phryne" hangs a very large picture "The Palmer" (252), by Mr. Pettie. Like all the painter's works this is broadly-painted and effective, but it shows a certain want of proportion between the figures, the aged Palmer in the foreground, who is emphatically telling a tale of adventure, being on a much larger scale than his listeners, who are not very far removed from him. Close by this is a picture of considerable size, and full of matter, by Mr. H. S. Marks, "The Lord Say brought before Jack Cade" (242). The quiet dignity of the aged noble contrasts strongly with the excited energy of Cade, who with coarse gesture is upbraiding him. The scene is realised with a great deal of dramatic power, but it would have conveyed a stronger sense of reality if the painter had made Cade and his followers rather more ragged and dirty. The figures are well-grouped, and the picture in every detail is executed with conscientious completeness. Its value, however, chiefly lies in the remarkable diversity of character and expression which it displays. A large riverside scene by Mr. H. T. Wells, "Friends at Yewden" (261), if not very important as a work of art, will be regarded with interest because it contains portraits of many of the painter's brother Academicians, including Mr. Leslie, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Yeames, and Mr. Calderon. Near this is a good example of Mr. Armitage's sound and learned style, "The Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic amongst the Ruins of Ancient Rome" (267), and farther removed a life-sized figure of "Clytemnestra" (272), by Mr. John Collier, full of energy and forcibly painted, but too melodramatic to be in keeping with the spirit of Greek tragedy.

"A Love Story" (290), by Mr. Frank Dicksee, shows a young man and woman in rich mediæval attire sitting together on a seat of sculptured marble in a stately garden. The moonlight falls on the lower part of their figures, but their heads are enveloped in gloom. The picture is striking from its breadth of light and shade, and the truthful way in which the effect of bright moonlight is rendered, and it is distinguished besides by strength of style, careful modelling of form, and subdued harmony of colour. In his large picture "The Letter-Writer" (294), Mr. J. B. Burgess has depicted a characteristic scene of modern Spanish life with great ability. The numerous figures are naturally grouped, and at the same time with due regard to balance of composition; they are for the most part animated in expression and gesture, and among them are several strikingly true types of Spanish character. Sir John Gilbert's picture (321) without a title, of an English merry-making in the seventeenth century, resembles somewhat in composition, but not at all in colour, a picture of a Kermesse by Rubens, in the Louvre. It is full of movement and vivacity, and painted with the artist's accustomed breadth and mastery, but rather dingy in tone. Hanging next to it is one of several pleasant pictures of Dutch life, "Painter and Critic" (322), by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, the critic being a robust milkmaid who looks with approval at a boat which a young man is occupied in painting. Mr. E. Long's large picture, "Why Tarry the Wheels of his Chariots?" (302), shows the mother of Siseria surrounded by her women, one of whom is weaving a wreath, in an Assyrian house.

The figures, all of a thoroughly Oriental type, are well grouped, and in some of their heads there is much expression. It is long since Mr. W. F. Yeames has exhibited such virile work as his life-sized group "Prince Arthur and Hubert" (204). There is true pathos in the face of the young Prince who is pleading for his eyes, and the head of his gaoler is scarcely less expressive. The figures are well designed, and the picture is painted throughout with the breadth of style appropriate to its large size. In the enormous picture "Memphis" (212), which hangs at the end of the gallery, the ruins of the palaces of the Pharaohs, the half-submerged colossal figure of Rameses, the lofty palm trees, and the birds of prey, combine to produce a striking and impressive scene which Mr. Frederick Goodall has interpreted with rare ability. The subject might, however, have been treated quite as effectively on a canvas half the size.

Of several pictures by Mr. Briton Rivière, one in the first room, called "The Magician's Doorway" (24), will probably attract most attention. Two large leopards chained to the wall guard the entrance to an Indian palace; one of them lies sleeping while the other with head erect stands alert and watchful. With masterly skill the painter has rendered the character of the animals, their ferocity and feline beauty, and the varied and beautiful tints of their sleek hides. The picture is remarkable besides for the admirable way in which the architectural features of the scene are depicted, for its luminous quality of colour, and excellent keeping. Another picture of considerable size by this painter, "Cupboard Love" (330), shows a graceful young lady in a rose-coloured dress in the act of opening a carved oak cabinet, while two dogs, a black poodle and a vivacious pug, watch her movements with intense interest. The picture is good throughout, but is remarkable chiefly for the great amount of vitality which the painter has infused into the dogs, especially the pug.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY has again succeeded in furnishing his Gallery in New Bond Street with an interesting and attractive collection of pictures. The artists, with few exceptions, who contributed most to the success of the earlier exhibitions here are again represented, and some of them by works of considerable importance. Examples of the modern archaic school, which reflects, together with the sincerity of the primitive painters who preceded the Renaissance, their quaintness and affection, again form a distinguishing feature of the display.

The largest and most striking picture, by Mr. E. Burne Jones, who is rightly considered the head of the school, "The Tree of Forgiveness" (144), illustrating the legendary history of Demophoon and Phyllis, hangs at the end of the East Gallery. The design is not new, having appeared in the form of a water-colour drawing more than ten years ago. There is pathos as well as beauty in the face of Phyllis, who is seen emerging from the almond tree into which she had been transformed, and the action of her lover who, with remorse depicted on his countenance, is rushing past, is energetic and expressive. By deliberate design the artist has treated the subject in a conventional way, and has excluded from his purpose all attempt at realistic imitation; but for no conceivable reason he has made his work repelling by unnecessary harshness of execution and crudity of colour. Infinitely more agreeable in these respects is the large picture of three draped females, with linked hands, dancing beside a narrow river, on the further side of which are quaint mediæval buildings; and the small composition of many figures, "The Feast of Peleus" (157), in which the consternation of the assembled guests at the apple—the cause of "many ills to men and the ruin of Troy"—which Discord has thrown on to the table, is well expressed. The other works by Mr. Burne Jones include an allegorical figure, "Earth" (139), surrounded by symbolic attributes, of which we fail to see the significance; and a study (291) for the decorative work, "Cupid's Hunting Fields," which appeared here on a former occasion. The influence of this artist is distinctly to be seen in a small picture, by Miss E. Pickering, "Phosphorus and Hesperus" (204), which, though it lacks originality, is marked by harmony of composition, refined taste, and competent technical skill. A small allegorical picture (36), by Mr. Walter Crane, suggested by a passage in the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, showing a winged Angel wrestling with Fate, is larger in style and more correct in design than anything he has exhibited before.

A picture of heroic size, "The Release of Prometheus by Hercules" (57), by Mr. W. B. Richmond, occupies an important place in the West Gallery. The composition consists of two distinct parts, each figure being entirely separated from the other. Hercules, standing on the summit of a rock, watches the flight of the arrow which he has just discharged at the eagle, while on a lower level Prometheus is seen rising from the rock to which he has been chained. The figures, which are larger than life, are full of strenuous energy, and designed with masterly knowledge and skill; but that of Prometheus seems to us the nobler of the two, and even the more physically powerful. A picture of "The Entombment" (51), by Mr. Julian Story, bears unmistakable evidence of foreign training. The prevailing colour is lurid and unpleasant, but the picture shows skill in composition and design, and a power, rare in English Art, of working effectively on a large scale. A life-sized figure of a peasant woman with a sheaf of grass under her arm and a sickle in her right hand, called "Labour" (6), by Mr. R. B. Browning, recalls the work of the French artist Millet by its truth of rustic character, its robust grace, and breadth of style. Large also in style and impressive is the picture by Mr. J. T. Nettlehip, "A Dirge in the Desert" (31), representing a huge lion roaring defiance as he bestrides his wounded mate, who with her cubs beside her lies bleeding on the ground.

Among the works of Mr. Alma Tadema are two life-sized portraits, "Hans Richter" (59), and "Ludwig Barnay as Marc Antony" (55), both full of individuality, life-like in expression, and modelled with supreme delicacy and completeness. His most characteristic and best work, however, is "An Audience" (61), a group of three Roman girls listening with intense interest to a performance. Besides the rare beauty of the heads, and their animated expression, the picture is remarkable for its pure and luminous quality of colour, its refinement of style, and finished workmanship. Mr. Alma Tadema also sends a brilliantly-tinted picture of miniature size of a mother and child in a garden of poppies, "Early Affections" (54), and a replica on a very small scale of his picture of a Bacchante, clad in a leopard's skin, dancing with more energy than grace, with a flaming torch in her hand. A small picture, in every way admirable, by Mr. E. J. Gregory, "A Rehearsal" (79), represents a young lady seated in an attitude of spontaneous grace, and a gentleman who stands behind her chair, listening to a rehearsal in a modern drawing-room, the performers being reflected in a convex mirror on the wall behind them. The picture is excellent in colour and keeping, and is painted with combined breadth and finesse, but it is remarkable above all things for its extraordinary vitality, and the keen perception which it displays of individual character, and of the expressiveness of unconscious gesture. By Mr. Heywood Hardy there is a well-painted picture on an unnecessarily large scale of a graceful girl in white drapery feeding antelopes in a forest, called "A King's Daughter" (55); and by Mr. Boughton a large picture "The Weeders of the Pavement" (45), showing several stalwart Dutch girls grubbing up the grass from a landing-place in North Holland, true in local character, and ably executed, but not so good in colour as some pictures of the same kind by the painter in the Academy.

Among the portraits, which are this year more numerous than usual, is a graceful half-length by Mr. Millais of "Mrs. G. Whilby" (68), animated in expression, but slightly-painted and unsubstantial. A much better example of the artist's work is the group of a boy and girl in the costume of the seventeenth century, hanging at the end of the gallery, "The Children of Mrs. Barrett" (83). The figures are naturally posed, and they have in an eminent degree the childish character combined with the distinct personality which no artist can render better than Mr. Millais. The colour is excellent alike in quality and arrangement, and the execution throughout the picture is masterly. Near it hangs a half-length portrait, somewhat larger than life, of "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P." (77), by Mr. Richmond, clad in the red robes of a D.C.L., and holding in his hand a large volume; he looks upwards with a thoughtful and earnest expression. The drapery is artistically disposed, and the treatment is appropriately large and simple, but the flesh-tints are terribly lurid and opaque. H.R.H. the Princess Louise sends a half-length "Portrait" (73) of a lady sitting on a sofa, displaying artistic taste in the arrangement of the accessory objects together with a fine sense of colour and much executive ability. Besides several curious exercises in colour conveying only the vaguest suggestion of anything in nature, Mr. Whistler sends a full-length portrait of "Mrs. H. B. Meux," undefined as to form, but charming by reason of its exquisite quality of colour, its just balance of light and shade, and general harmony of effect. Mr. R. Lehmann has characteristic portraits of two eminent novelists, "James Payn" (37) and "Wilkie Collins" (11); and Mr. J. Forbes Robertson a half-length of a pert parlour-maid, "Barbara," broadly painted and life-like. Sir Coutts Lindsay's portrait of "R. S. Holford, Esq." (107) is marked by originality of treatment as well as truth of character; and there is much vivacity of expression in Mr. F. Dacey's graceful half-length called "Kitty's Friend." Mr. Holl, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Collier are so largely and so well represented at the Academy, that their portraits here may well pass without notice.

A large landscape by Mr. Keeley Halswelle, "Shooter's Hill, Pangbourne" (33), is more luminous in tone than anything we have seen by him, and more restrained in style. The well-wooded bank, the reeds and rushes vividly reflected in the shallow water, and the broad leaves of the lilies floating on its surface are depicted with surprising fidelity. Despite a tendency to excessive blackness characteristic of his work, Mr. Cecil Lawson's "The Storm Cloud, West Lynn" (30), is an impressive and in the main a truthful work; but his large view, "On the Road to Monaco from Mentone" (9), is a very crude production, coarsely executed and full of strong contrasts of violent and ill-harmonised tints. For subtle beauty of tone as well as general harmony and truth of effect, there is nothing so good as Mr. Mark Fisher's "Evening" (117); but his "Cloudy Day" (119), and his "Spring-time" (22) are not very much inferior to it.



THE reproduction of Messrs. Hardy and Carr's adaptation of *Far from the Madding Crowd* at the GLOBE Theatre has given London audiences an opportunity of forming their own judgment upon the vexed question of the obligations of Mr. Pinero to Mr. Hardy's celebrated novel. Many and close resemblances between the story of this piece and that of *The Squire* were pointed out on the occasion of the production of *Far from the Madding Crowd* at Liverpool a few weeks ago. They are, indeed, too obvious to be disputed. The mode of dealing with the original work, however, is somewhat different. Though he has introduced a melodramatic gipsy, Mr. Hardy has displayed a natural tendency to set forth the story of Bathsheba Everdene and her military and bucolic admirers with a closer adherence to the method of his novel, painting in, so to speak, his background and accessories with scrupulous minuteness before introducing his leading characters and most taking incidents. He has also, in conjunction with his collaborator, exhibited a more uncompromising determination to preserve the rustic tone of the work, and, though his Bathsheba is undoubtedly a somewhat refined personage, he has not attempted to raise her too-successful suitor Troy above the humble position of a sergeant of dragoons. This fact will serve to indicate the prevailing tone of the piece, which is strictly a rustic melodrama, with some exciting, some humorous, and some really pathetic situations. Necessarily we miss Mr. Hardy's quaintly picturesque style of description, and, this being the case, the rusticity and ignorance of his peasant folk fail to get the relief which he is able to give to them, and become altogether less pleasing than they have seemed to us in the story. The play, however, is undoubtedly interesting, and it was received with a degree of favour which augurs well for its popularity in London. Mrs. Bernard Beere makes a handsome Bathsheba, and is able to give touching effect to the manifold sorrows of that unfortunate heroine, albeit these are traceable to her own waywardness, and, we may add, lack of common sense, and even of ordinary womanly feeling. Mr. Barnes, in the part of the wicked sergeant, receives that high compliment to the artistic skill of an impersonator of villains—an occasional outburst in the gallery of hisses, which are understood to be provoked on moral, as distinct from æsthetic grounds. The cast is even more fortunate in the selection of Mr. Charles Kelly for the part of Gabriel Oak, which he plays with a very impressive earnestness and with much true pathos of a rough, honest kind. The coquettish housekeeper, Lydia Smallbury, is represented by Miss Alexis Leighton, a very sprightly and winning young actress, who is, we believe, new to the London stage. We must not forget to mention Mr. A. Wood's Joseph Poorgrass, Mr. Russell's Coggan, and Mr. Medwin's aged maltster, which are also excellent portraits, skilfully diversified, of West of England rustics; though, unhappily, the humours of their rather prolonged discourse failed to receive all the recognition they deserved from an audience somewhat impatient of details not directly connected with the main thread of interest. The play is put on the stage in picturesque fashion. The interior of the hall of the old farm, by Mr. W. Perkins, with the country landscape, and subsequently the summer haymaking scene without, are especially noticeable.

Mr. David James has been playing his famous part of the retired butlerman in Mr. Byron's *Our Boys* at the STANDARD Theatre this week, much to the satisfaction of Shoreditch audiences.

Owing to some hitch in the arrangements recently made for his joining the company of the ROYAL AVENUE Theatre, Mr. Edward Terry remains at the GAIETY, where he has accordingly just renewed his engagement for a considerable term.

Robert Macaire, with Mr. Irving in the part of that celebrated type of scoundrelism, and Mr. David James in the character of Bertrand, will be first performed, we believe, at a performance to be given shortly for the benefit of Mr. James Mortimer, who is responsible for this new adaptation.

Mr. Owen Dove, who plays an American quack doctor in *Odette* at the HAYMARKET, informs us that he is not an American, but by birth and education a Londoner. He says that last autumn, when he played a Spaniard at the Criterion, the critics took him for a Portuguese. These mistakes are really a compliment to his powers of personation.



MR. JAMES RICE, NOVELIST
Died April 26, aged 36



H.S.H. PRINCESS GEORGINA HENRIETTA MARIA OF
WURTEMBERG, SISTER OF THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
Died April 30, aged 24.



THE MOST REV. FREDERICK BARKER, D.D., BISHOP OF
SYDNEY AND METROPOLITAN OF AUSTRALIA
Died April 6, aged 74

THE LATE BISHOP OF SYDNEY

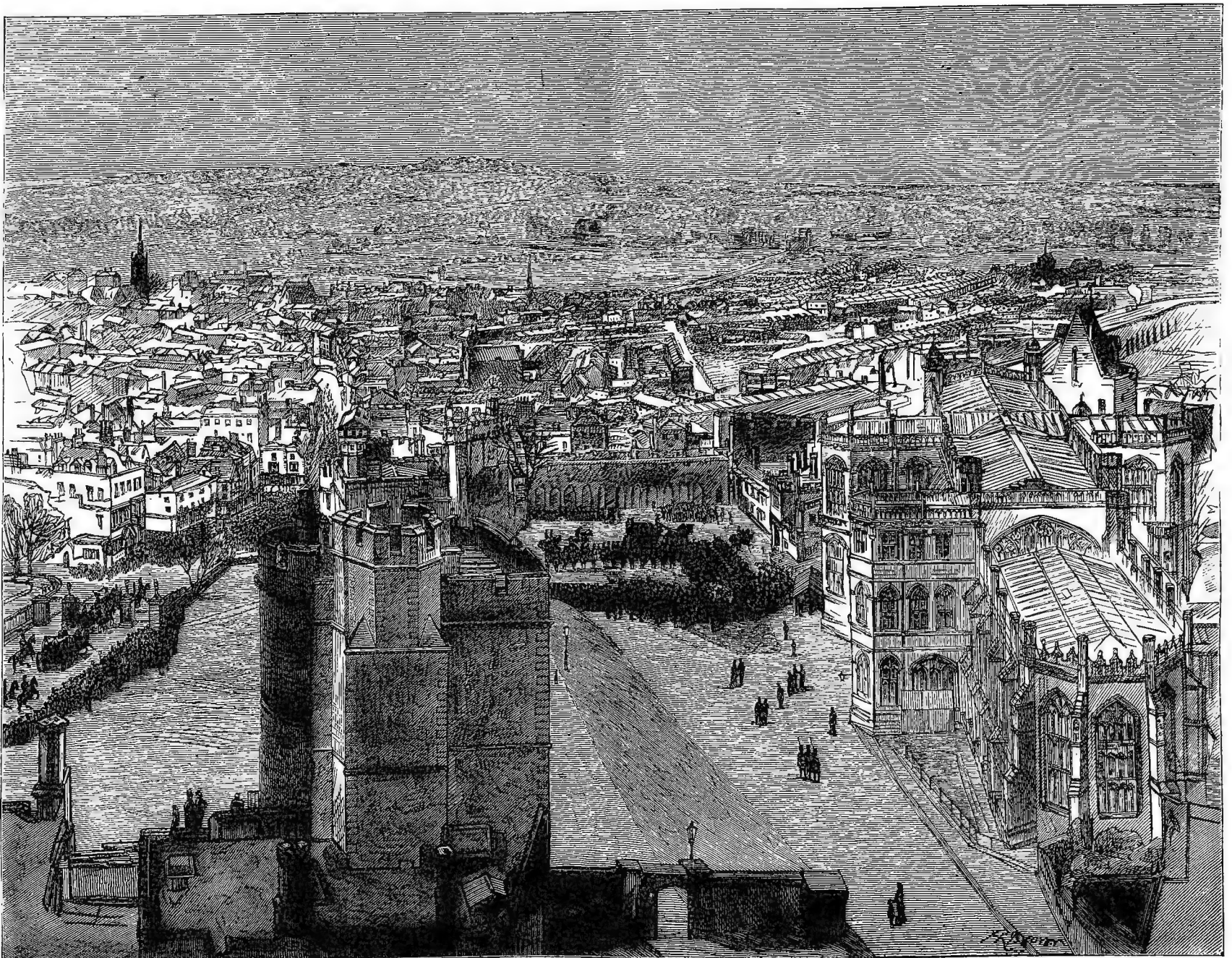
THE MOST REV. FREDERICK BARKER, D.D., Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan of Australia, was born in 1808 at Baslow, in Derbyshire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Cambridge, ordained in 1831, and after holding a curacy at Upton, in Cheshire, for three years, and spending twelve months in Ireland in connection with the Irish Church Mission, was in 1835 appointed to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary's, Edge Hill, Liverpool, where he worked energetically for nineteen years, assisting, amongst other good works, in the foundation of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution and the Liverpool Scripture Readers' Society. In 1854, on the death of his brother, the Rev. Auriol Barker, Vicar of Baslow, he accepted that incumbency from the patron, the Duke of Devonshire, but had hardly been in residence there three months when the Bishopric of Sydney, vacant by the death of Bishop Broughton, was offered to him, and he was consecrated at Lambeth on St. Andrew's Day, 1854, receiving the Queen's patent as Metropolitan of the Church in Australia and Tasmania, and being constituted its Primate by the unanimous vote of a General Synod of all the Dioceses. He was a

prelate of eminent ability and great earnestness of character, possessing great decision and firmness, united with remarkable gentleness and suavity of manner. His death was wholly unexpected. A few weeks before he had a paralytic seizure, and had been ordered to England for rest and change of climate. On the 10th of March, whilst staying at San Remo, Italy, he had another attack, which deprived him of the use of one side, and greatly affected his speech. After this he gradually sank, and on the 6th ult. he passed peacefully away. His body was brought from San Remo and interred in the churchyard at Baslow, his native place; the funeral service being read by Bishop Perry and Archdeacon Balston, in the presence of numerous mourning friends.

THE LATE JAMES RICE

MR. JAMES RICE, the well-known novelist, was born in 1846, educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took a law degree in 1868, and was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1871. He, however, never had much professional practice, devoting

himself mainly to literature. He was editor and proprietor of *Once a Week* from 1868 to 1872, when he sold that journal, and became London correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. In 1879 he published a "History of the British Turf," and during the past eleven years he had been the collaborator of Mr. Walter Besant in the production of a series of novels, including "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "The Golden Butterfly," "This Son of Vulcan," "By Celia's Arbour," and "The Chaplain of the Fleet," the two last-mentioned having been published in serial form in the pages of *The Graphic*. In a letter to the *Athenæum* Mr. Besant says that their eleven years' fellowship "was carried on without a single shadow of dispute or difference. James Rice was eminently a large-minded man, and things which might have proved great rocks of offence to some, he knew how to treat as the trifles they generally are. He was also, as his Canadian friends knew well, an excellent man of business, shrewd, practical, and possessed of a great fund of common sense. Of that goodness of heart which made him so many friends, of that loyalty which no one knows better than myself, I refrain from speaking. These things will remain green in the memory of those who loved him."



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR: VIEW OF THE TOWN DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE PROCESSIONS AS SEEN FROM THE ROUND TOWER OF THE CASTLE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"But he won't be Duca di Crinola," said Lady Frances.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER L.

THE GREAT QUESTION

NEITHER the arguments of Mrs. Roden nor the adhesion of Mrs. Vincent were of any power in persuading George Roden. He answered his mother gently, kindly, but very firmly. Had anything, he said, been necessary to strengthen his own feeling, it would have been found in his mother's determination to keep his old name. "Surely; mother, if I may say so without disrespect, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." At this the mother smiled, kissing her son to show that the argument had been taken in good part. "In this matter," he continued, "we certainly are in a boat together. "If I am a Duke you would be a Duchess. If I am doomed to make an ape of myself at the Post Office, you must be equally ridiculous in Paradise Row, unless you are prepared to go back to Italy and live your life there."

"And you?"

"I could not live there. How could I earn my bread there? How could I pass my days so as to be in any degree useful? What could be more mean? My uncle, though he has been civil, and to a certain degree generous, would be specially anxious not to see me in public life. You and I together would have just means enough for existence. I should be doomed to walk about the streets of some third-rate Italian town, and call myself by my grand name. Would a life like that satisfy your ambition on my behalf?" Then she thought of the girl who was in love with him, of the friends whom he had made for himself, of the character which belonged to him, and she was driven to confess that, by whatever name he might be called, he must continue to live an Englishman's life, and to live in England. Nevertheless, she told herself that the title would not be abolished, because it might be in abeyance. She might, she thought, still live to hear her son called by the name of which she herself had been proud till she had become thoroughly ashamed of the husband who had given it to her.

But there were others besides Crocker and Mrs. Vincent, and his mother and Sir Boreas, who were much interested by George Roden's condition. Mrs. Roden returned home on the 2nd of March, and, as may be remembered, the tidings respecting her son had reached England before she came. By the end of the month many persons were much exercised as to the young man's future name, and some people of high rank had not only discussed the subject at great length, but had written numerous letters concerning it. It was manifest to Lady Persiflage that no further attempt should now be made to throw obstacles in the way of Lady Frances and her lover. Lady Persiflage had never believed in the obstacles

from the first. "Of course they'll marry," she had said to her one daughter, who was now almost as good as married herself, and equally trustworthy. "When a girl is determined like that, of course nothing will stop her. My sister shouldn't have let her meet the young man at first." But this had been said before the young man had turned out to be an Italian Duke. Since the news had come Lady Persiflage had been very eager in recommending her sister to discontinue the opposition. "Make the most of him," she had said in one of her letters. "It is all that can be done now. It is a fine name, and though Italian titles do not count like ours, yet, when they are as good as this, they go for a good deal. There are real records of the Di Crinola family, and there is no manner of doubt but that he is the head of them. Take him by the hand, and have him down at Trafford if Kingsbury is well enough. They tell me he is quite presentable, with a good figure and all that;—by no means a young man who will stand shivering in a room because he doesn't know how to utter a word. Had he been like that Fanny would never have set her heart upon him. Persiflage has been talking about him, and he says that something will be sure to turn up if he is brought forward properly, and is not ashamed of his family name. Persiflage will do whatever he can, but that can only be if you will open your arms to him." Lady Kingsbury did feel that she was called upon to undergo a terrible revulsion of sentiment. Opening her arms to the Duca di Crinola might be possible to her. But how was she to open her arms to Lady Frances Trafford? The man whom she had seen but once might appear before her with his new title as a young nobleman of whose antecedents she was not bound to remember anything. She might seem to regard him as a new arrival, a noble suitor for her stepdaughter's hand, of whom she had not before heard. But how was she to receive Fanny Trafford, the girl whom she had locked up at Konigsgraaf, whose letters she had stopped as they came from the Post Office? Nevertheless she consented—as far at least as her sister was concerned. "I shall never like Fanny," she had said, "because she is so sly." Girls are always called sly by their friends who want to abuse them. "But of course I will have them both here, as you think it will be best. What they are to live upon Heaven only knows. But of course that will be no concern of mine."

As a first result of this Lady Persiflage asked George Roden down to Castle Hautboy for the Easter holidays. There was a difficulty about this. How was he to be addressed? Hampstead was consulted, and he, though he was not much in heart just then for the arrangement of such a matter, advised that for the present his friend's old name should be used. Lady Persiflage therefore wrote to—George Roden, Esq., at the General Post Office. In this letter it was signified

that Lord Persiflage was very anxious to make the acquaintance of—Mr. Roden. Lady Persiflage was also very anxious. Lady Persiflage explained that she was aware of—Well! Lady Frances Trafford was to be at Castle Hautboy, and that she thought might act as an inducement to—Mr. Roden. The letter was very cleverly managed. Though it never once mentioned the grand title it made allusions which implied that the real rank of the Post Office clerk was well known to every one at Castle Hautboy. And though nothing of course was said as to any possible relations between Lord Persiflage as a member of the British Cabinet and the clerk's uncle as a member of the Italian Cabinet, nevertheless as to this also there were allusions which were intelligible. This letter was altogether very gracious,—such a one as few young men would be able to resist coming from such a person as Lady Persiflage. But the special offer which prevailed with our Post Office clerk was no doubt the promise of the presence of Fanny Trafford. In all the rest, gracious as the words were, there was nothing but trouble for him. It was clear enough to him that Lady Persiflage was on the same side as Crocker. Lady Persiflage would no doubt prefer a Duca di Crinola to a Post Office clerk for Lady Frances. And he could see also that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was on the same side. The Secretary of State would not have expressed a special desire to see him, the Post Office clerk, at Castle Hautboy, and have, as it were, welcomed him to the possession of his brother-in-law's daughter, had nothing been told of the Duca di Crinola. He heard as much from Lord Hampstead, who advised him to go to Castle Hautboy, and make himself acquainted with Fanny's family friends. It was all manifest. And as it was all being done in opposition to his own firm resolution, he would not have gone,—but that the temptation was too great for him. Fanny Trafford would be there,—and he was quite open to the charm of the offer which was almost being made to him of Lady Frances's hand. He arranged the matter at the office, and wrote to Lady Persiflage accepting the invitation.

"So you're going to Castle Hautboy?" said Crocker to him. Crocker was in torments at the time. He had been made to understand that he would be doing quite wrong in calling the Duca "Your Grace." Roden, if a Duke at all, could be only an Italian Duke,—and not on that account "Your Grace." This had been explained by Bobbin, and had disturbed him. The title "Duca" was still open to him; but he feared Roden's wrath if he should use it too freely.

"How do you know?" asked Roden.

"I have been there myself, you know;—and am in the habit of hearing from Castle Hautboy." His father was agent on the

property, and of course he heard tidings, if not from his father, at any rate from his sisters.

"Yes; I am going to Castle Hautboy."

"Hampstead will be there probably. I met Hampstead there. A man in Lord Persiflage's position will, of course, be delighted to welcome the—the—Duca di Crinola." He shrank as though he feared that Roden would strike him,—but he uttered the words.

"Of course, if you choose to annoy me, I cannot well help myself," said Roden as he left the room.

On his first arrival at the Castle things were allowed to go quietly with him. Every one called him "Mr. Roden." Lady Persiflage received him very graciously. Lady Frances was in the house, and her name was mentioned to him with the whispered intimacy which on such occasions indicates the triumph of the man's position. She made no allusion either to his rank or to his office, but treated him just as she might have done any other suitor,—which was exactly what he wanted. Lord Llwyddylthw had come down for his Easter holidays of two days, and was very civil to him. Lady Amaldina was delighted to make his acquaintance, and within three minutes was calling upon him to promise that he would not get himself married before August, in consideration for her bevy. "If I was to lose Fanny now," she said, "I really think I should give it up altogether." Then before dinner he was allowed to find himself alone with Fanny, and for the first time in his life felt that his engagement was an acknowledged thing.

All this was made very pleasant to him by the occasional use of his proper name. He had been almost ashamed of himself because of the embarrassment which his supposed title had occasioned him. He felt that he had thought of the matter more than it was worth. The annoyances of Crocker had been abominable to him. It was not likely that he should encounter a second Crocker, but still he dreaded he hardly knew what. It certainly was not probable that these people at Castle Hautboy should call him by a name he had never used without consulting him. But still he had dreaded something, and was gratified that the trouble seemed to pass by him easily. Lady Persiflage and Lady Amaldina had both called him by his legitimate name, and Lord Llwyddylthw had called him nothing at all. If he could only be allowed to go away just as he had come, without an allusion from any one to the Di Crinola family, then he should think that the people at Castle Hautboy were very well-bred. But he feared that this was almost too much to hope. He did not see Lord Persiflage till a moment before dinner, when he specially remarked that he was introduced as Mr. Roden. "Very glad to see you, Mr. Roden. I hope you're fond of scenery. We're supposed to have the finest view in England from the top of the tower. I have no doubt my daughter will show it you. I can't say that I ever saw it myself. Beautiful scenery is all very well when you are travelling, but nobody ever cares for it at home." Thus Lord Persiflage had done his courtesy to the stranger, and the conversation became general, as though the stranger were a stranger no longer. When Roden found that he was allowed to give his arm to Lady Frances, and go out and eat his dinner quietly and comfortably without any reference to the peculiarity of his position, he thought that perhaps no further troubles were in store for him.

The whole of the next day was devoted to the charms of love and scenery. The spring weather was delightful, and Roden was allowed to ramble about where he pleased with Lady Frances. Every one about the place regarded him as an accepted and recognised lover. As he had never been in truth accepted by one of the family except by the girl herself,—as the Marquis had not condescended even to see him when he had come, but had sent Mr. Greenwood to reject him scornfully; as the Marchioness had treated him as below contempt; as even his own friend Lord Hampstead had declared that the difficulties would be insuperable;—this sudden cessation of all impediments did seem to be delightfully miraculous. Assent on the part of Lord and Lady Persiflage would, he understood, be quite as serviceable as that of Lord and Lady Kingsbury. Something had occurred which in the eyes of all the family had lifted him up as it were out of the gutter, and placed him on a grand pedestal. There could be no doubt as to this something. It was all done because he was supposed to be an Italian nobleman. And yet he was not an Italian nobleman; nor would he allow any one to call him so, as far as it might be in his power to prevent it.

His visit was limited to two entire days. One was passed amidst all the sweets of love-making. With the pleasures of that no allusions were allowed to interfere. On the following morning he found himself alone with Lord Persiflage after breakfast. "Delighted to have had you down here, you know," began his lordship. To this Roden simply bowed. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing your uncle personally, but there isn't a man in Europe for whom I have a higher respect." Again Roden bowed. "I've heard all about this romance of yours from D'Ossi. You know D'Ossi?" Roden declared that he had not the honour of knowing the Italian Minister. "Ah; well, you must know D'Ossi, of course. I won't say whether he's your countryman or not, but you must know him. He is your uncle's particular friend."

"It's only by accident that I know my uncle, or even learnt that he was my uncle."

"Just so. But the accident has taken place, and the result fortunately remains. Of course you must take your own name."

"I shall keep the name I have, Lord Persiflage."

"You will find it to be quite impossible. The Queen will not allow it." Upon hearing this Roden opened his eyes; but the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs looked him full in the face as though to assure him that, though he had never heard of such a thing before, such, in fact, was the truth. "Of course there will be difficulties. I'm not prepared at the present moment to advise how this should be done. Perhaps you had better wait till Her Majesty has signified her pleasure to receive you as the Duca di Crinola. When she has done so you will have no alternative."

"No alternative as to what I may call myself?"

"None in the least, I should say. I am thinking now in a great measure as to the welfare of my own relative, Lady Frances. Something will have to be done. I don't quite see my way as yet; but something, no doubt, will be done. The Duca di Crinola will, I have no doubt, find fitting employment." Then a little bell was rung, and Vivian, the private secretary, came into the room. Vivian and Roden knew each other, and a few pleasant words were spoken; but Roden found himself obliged to take his departure without making any further protests in regard to Her Majesty's assumed wishes.

About five o'clock that evening he was invited into a little sitting-room belonging to Lady Persiflage upstairs. "Haven't I been very good to you?" she said, laughing.

"Very good, indeed. Nothing could be so good as inviting me down here to Castle Hautboy."

"That was done for Fanny's sake. But have I said one word to you about your terrible name?"

"No, indeed; and now, Lady Persiflage, pray go on and be good to the end."

"Yes," she said, "I will be good to the end,—before all the people downstairs. I haven't said a word of it even to Fanny. Fanny is an angel."

"According to my thinking."

"That's of course. But even an angel likes to have her proper rank. You mustn't allow yourself to suppose that even Fanny Trafford is indifferent to titles. There are things that a man may expect a girl to do for him, but there are things which cannot be expected, let her be ever so much in love. Fanny Trafford has got to become Duchess of Crinola."

"I am afraid that that is more than I can do for her."

"My dear Mr. Roden, it must be done. I cannot let you go away from here without making you understand that, as a man engaged to be married, you cannot drop your title. Did you intend to remain single I cannot say how far your peculiar notions might enable you to prevail; but as you mean to marry, she, too, will have rights. I put it to you whether it would be honest on your part to ask her to abandon the rank which she will be entitled to expect from you. Just you think of it, Mr. Roden. And now I won't trouble you any more upon the subject."

Not a word more was said on the subject at Castle Hautboy, and on the next day he returned to the Post Office.

CHAPTER LI.

"I CANNOT COMPEL HER"

ABOUT the middle of April Lord and Lady Kingsbury came up to London. From day to day and week to week he had declared that he would never again be able to move out of his room; and had gone on making up his mind to die immediately, till people around him began to think that he was not going to die at all. He was, however, at last persuaded that he might at any rate as well die in London as at Trafford, and, therefore, allowed himself to be carried up to Park Lane. The condition of his own health was, of course, given to him for the reason of this movement. At this peculiar period of the year, it would be better for him, they said, to be near his London doctor. No doubt the Marquis believed that it was so. When a man is ill nothing is so important to him as his own illness. But it may be a question whether the anxiety felt by the Marchioness as to other affairs of the family generally had not an effect with her in inducing her to persuade her husband. The Marquis had given a modified assent to his daughter's marriage; and she, in a manner still more modified, had withdrawn her opposition. Permission had been given to Fanny to marry the Duca di Crinola. This had been given without any reference to money, but had certainly implied a promise of a certain amount of income from the bride's father. How else would it be possible that they should live? The letter had been written to Lady Frances by her stepmother at the dictation of the Marquis. But the words absolutely dictated had not perhaps been religiously followed. The father had intended to be soft and affectionate, merely expressing his gratification that his girl's lover should turn out to be the Duca di Crinola. Out of this the Marchioness had made a stipulation. The lover should be received as a lover, on condition that he bore the name and title. Lady Persiflage had told her sister that as a matter of course the name would be taken. "A man always takes his father's name as a matter of course," Lady Persiflage had said. She believed that the man's absurd notions would be overcome by continual social pressure. Whether the social pressure would or would not prevail the man would certainly marry the girl. There could, therefore, be no better course than that of trusting to social pressure. Lady Persiflage was quite clear as to her course. But the Marchioness, though yielding to her sister in much, still thought that a bargain should be made. It had been suggested that she should invite the "young man" down to Trafford. Roden was usually called "the young man" at present in these family conclaves. She had thought that it would be better to see him up in London. Lady Frances would come to them in Park Lane, and then the young man should be invited. The Marchioness would send her compliments to the "Duca di Crinola." Nothing on earth should induce her to write the name of Roden, unless it might happily come to pass that the engagement should be broken.

Hampstead at this time was living still at Hendon. His sister remained with him till the Marchioness came up to town about the middle of April, but no one else except George Roden saw much of him. Since Roden's return from Italy his visits to Hendon Hall had been tacitly permitted. The Kingsbury and Persiflage world had taken upon itself to presume that the young man was the Duca di Crinola, and, so presuming, had in truth withdrawn all impediments. Lady Frances had written to her father in answer to the letter which had reached her from the Marchioness in his name, and had declared that Mr. Roden was Mr. Roden, and would remain Mr. Roden. She had explained his reasons at great length, but had probably made them anything but intelligible to her father. He, however, had simply concealed the letter when he had half-read it. He would not incur the further trouble of explaining this to his wife, and had allowed the matter to go on, although the stipulation made was absolutely repudiated by the parties who were to have been bound by it.

For Roden and Lady Frances this was no doubt very pleasant. Even Lady Amaldina Hauteville with her bevy was not more thoroughly engaged to her aristocratic lover than was Lady Frances to this precarious Italian nobleman. But the brother in these days was by no means as happy as his sister. There had been a terrible scene between him and Lady Frances after his return from Trafford. He came back with Marion's letter in his pocket,—with every word contained in it clear in his memory; but still, still doubting as to the necessity of obeying Marion's orders. She had declared, with whatever force of words she had known how to use, that the marriage which he proposed to himself was impossible. She had told him so more than once before, and the telling had availed nothing. Her first assurances that she could not become his wife had hardly served to moderate in the least the joy which he had felt from the assurances of her affections. It had meant nothing to him. When she had spoken to him simply of their differences of rank he had thrown the arguments under his feet, and had trampled upon them with his masterful imperious determination. His whole life and energy were devoted to the crushing of arguments used towards him by those who were daily telling him that he was severed from other men by the peculiarities of his rank. He certainly would not be severed from this one woman whom he loved by any such peculiarity. Fortifying his heart by these assurances, he had declared to himself that the timid doubts of the girl should go for nothing. As she loved him he would of course be strong enough to conquer all such doubts. He would take her up in his arms and carry her away, and simply tell her that she had got to do it. He had a conviction that a girl when once she had confessed that she loved a man, belonged to the man, and was bound to obey him. To watch over her, to worship her, to hover round her, so that no wind should be allowed to blow too strongly on her, to teach her that she was the one treasure in the world that could be of real value to him,—but at the same time to make a property of her, so that she should be altogether his own,—that had been his idea of the bond which should unite him and Marion Fay together. As she took a joy in his love it could not be but that she would come to his call at last.

She too had perceived something of this,—so much, that it had become necessary to her to tell him the whole truth. These minor reasons, though even they should have been strong enough, were not, she found, powerful with him. She tried it, and acknowledged to herself that she failed. The man was too wilful for her guidance,—too strong for the arguments by which she had hoped to control him. Then it had been necessary to tell him all the truth. This she had done at last with very few words. "My mother died; and all my brothers and sisters have died. And I also shall die young." Very simple, this had been; but, ah, powerful as it was simple! In it there had been a hard assertion of facts too strong even for his masterful nature. He could not say, even to himself, that it was not so,—that it should not be so. It might be that she might be spared where others had not been spared. That risk, of course, he was

prepared to run. Without turning it much in his thoughts, without venturing to think of the results or to make a calculation, he was prepared to tell her that she too must leave all that in the hand of God, and run her chance as do all human mortal beings. He certainly would so argue the matter with her. But he could not tell her that there was no ground for fear. He could not say that though her mother had died, and though her little brothers and sisters had died, there was yet no cause for fear. And he felt that should she persist in her resolution there would be a potency about her which it might well be that he should fail to dominate. If we can live, let us live together; and if we must die, let us die,—as nearly together as may be. That we should come together is the one thing absolutely essential; and then let us make our way through our troubles as best we may under the hands of Fate. This was what he would now say to her. But he knew that he could not say it with that bright look and those imperious tones which had heretofore almost prevailed with her. Not replying to Marion's letter by any written answer, but resolving that the words which would be necessary might best be spoken, he came back to Hendon. Oh, how softly they should be spoken! With his arm round her waist he would tell her that still it should be for better or for worse. "I will say nothing of what may happen except this;—that whatever may befall us we will take it and bear it together." With such words whispered into her ear, would he endeavour to make her understand that though it might all be true, still would her duty be the same.

But when he reached his house, intending to go on almost at once to Holloway, he was stopped by a note from the Quaker.

"My dear young friend," said the note from the Quaker. "I am desired by Marion to tell thee that we have thought it better that she should go for a few weeks to the seaside. I have taken her to Pegwell Bay, whence I can run up daily to my work in the City. After that thou hast seen her she was somewhat unwell,—not ill, indeed, but flurried, as was natural, by the interview. And I have taken her down to the seaside in compliance with medical advice. She bids me, however, to tell thee that there is no cause for alarm. It will, however, be better, for a time at least, that she should not be called upon to encounter the excitement of meeting thee."

"Thy very faithful friend,
"ZACHARY FAY."

This made him nervous, and for the moment almost wretched. It was his desire at first to rush off to Pegwell Bay and learn from herself what might be the truth of her condition. But on consideration he felt that he did not dare to do so in opposition to the Quaker's injunction. His arrival there among the strangers of the little watering-place would of course flurry her. He was obliged to abandon that idea, and content himself with a resolve to see the Quaker in the City on the next morning. But the words spoken to him afterwards by his sister were heavier to bear than the Quaker's letter. "Dear John," she had said, "you must give it up."

"I will never give it up," he had answered. And as he spoke there came across his brows an angry look of determination.

"Dear John!"

"What right have you to tell me to give it up? What would you say to me if I were to declare that George Roden should be given up?"

"If there were the same cause!"

"What do you know of any cause?"

"Dear, dearest brother."

"You are taking a part against me. You can be obstinate. I am not more likely to give a thing up than you are yourself."

"It is her health."

"Is she the first young woman that was ever married without being as strong as a milkmaid? Why should you take upon yourself to condemn her?"

"It is not I. It is Marion herself. You told me to go to her, and of course she spoke to me."

He paused a moment, and then in a hoarse, low voice asked a question. "What did she say to you when you spoke to her?"

"Oh, John!—I fear I can hardly tell you what she said. But you know what she said. Did she not write and tell you that because of her health it cannot be as you would have it?"

"And would you have me yield, because for my sake she is afraid? If George Roden were not strong would you throw him over and go away?"

"It is a hard matter to discuss, John."

"But it has to be discussed. It has at any rate to be thought of. I do not think that a woman has a right to take the matter into her own hands, and say that as a certainty God Almighty has condemned her to an early death. These things must be left to Providence, or Chance, or Fate, as you may call it."

"But if she has her own convictions—?"

"She must not be left to her own convictions. It is just that. She must not be allowed to sacrifice herself to a fantastic idea."

"You will never prevail with her," said his sister, taking him by the arm, and looking up piteously into his face.

"I shall not prevail? Do you say that certainly I shall not prevail?" She was still holding his arm, and still looking up into his face, and now she answered him by slightly shaking her head.

"Why should you speak so positively?"

"She could say things to me which she could hardly say to you."

"What was it then?"

"She could say things to me, which I can hardly repeat to you. Oh, John, believe me,—believe me. It must be abandoned. Marion Fay will never be your wife." He shook himself free from her hand, and frowned sternly at her. "Do you think I would not have her for my sister, if it were possible? Do you not believe that I too can love her? Who can help loving her?"

He knew, of course, that as the shoe pinched him it could not pinch her. What were any other love or any other sadness as compared to his love or to his sadness? It was to him as though the sun were suddenly taken out of his heaven, as though the light of day were destroyed for ever from before his eyes,—or rather as though a threat were being made that the sun should be taken from his heaven and the light from his eyes,—a threat under which it might be necessary that he should succumb. "Marion, Marion, Marion," he said to himself again and again, walking up and down between the lodge and the hall door. Whether well or ill, whether living or dying, she surely must be his! "Marion!" And then he was ashamed of himself, as he felt rather than heard that he had absolutely shouted her name aloud.

On the following day he was with the Quaker in London, walking up and down Old Broad Street in front of the entrance leading up to Pogson and Littlebird's. "My dear friend," said the Quaker, "I do not say that it shall never be so. It is in the hands of the Almighty." Hampstead shook his head impatiently. "You do not doubt the power of the Almighty to watch over His creatures?"

"I think that if a man wants a thing he must work for it."

The Quaker looked him hard in the face. "In the ordinary needs of life, my young lord, the maxim is a good one."

"It is good for everything. You tell me of the Almighty. Will the Almighty give me the girl I love if I sit still and hold my peace? Must I not work for that as for anything else?"

"What can I do, Lord Hampstead?"

"Agree with me that it will be better for her to run her chance. Say as I do that it cannot be right that she should condemn herself. If you,—you her father,—will bid her, then she will do it."

"I do not know."

"You can try with her;—if you think it right. You are her father."

"Yes,—I am her father."

"And she is obedient to you. You do not think that she should—? Eh?"

"How am I to say? What am I to say else than that it is in God's hands? I am an old man who has suffered much. All have been taken from me;—all but she. How can I think of thy trouble when my own is so heavy?"

"It is of her that we should think."

"I cannot comfort her; I cannot control her. I will not even attempt to persuade her. She is all that I have. If I did think for a moment that I should like to see my child become the wife of one so high as thou art, that folly has been crushed out of me. To have my child alive would be enough for me now, let alone titles, and high places, and noble palaces."

"Who has thought of them?"

"I did. Not she,—my angel; my white one!" Hampstead shook his head and clenched his fist, shaking it, in utter disregard of the passers-by, as the hot, fast tears streamed down his face. Could it be necessary that her name should be mentioned even in connection with feelings such as those which the Quaker owned.

"Thou and I, my lord," continued Zachary Fay, "are in sore trouble about this maiden. I believe that thy love is, as mine, true, honest, and thorough. For her sake I wish I could give her to thee,—because of thy truth and honesty; not because of thy wealth and titles. But she is not mine to give. She is her own,—and will bestow her hand or will refuse to do so as her own sense of what is best for thee may direct her. I will say no word to persuade her one way or the other." So speaking the Quaker strode quickly up the gateway, and Lord Hampstead was left to make his way back out of the City as best he might.

CHAPTER LII.

IN PARK LANE

ON Monday, the 20th of April, Lady Frances returned to her father's roof. The winter had certainly not been a happy time for her. Early in the autumn she had been taken off to the German castle in great disgrace because of her plebeian lover, and had, ever since, been living under so dark a cloud, as to have been considered unfit for the companionship of those little darlings, the young lords, her half-brothers. She had had her way no doubt, never having for a moment wavered in her constancy to the Post Office clerk; but she had been assured incessantly by all her friends that her marriage with the man was impossible, and had no doubt suffered under the conviction that her friends were hostile to her. Now she might be happy. Now she was to be taken back to her father's house. Now she was to keep her lover, and not be held to have been disgraced at all. No doubt in this there was great triumph.

But her triumph had been due altogether to an accident;—to what her father graciously called a romance, while her stepmother described it less civilly as a "marvellous coincidence, for which she ought to thank her stars on her bended knees." The accident,—or coincidence, or romance as it might be called—was, of course, her lover's title. Of this she was by no means proud, and would not at all thank her stars for it on her bended knees. Though she was happy in her lover's presence, her happiness was clouded by the feeling that she was imposing upon her father. She had been allowed to ask her lover to dine at Kingsbury House because her lover was supposed to be the Duca di Crinola. But the invitation had been sent under an envelope addressed to George Roden, Esq., General Post Office. No one had yet ventured to inscribe the Duke's name and title on the back of a letter. The Marchioness was assured by her sister that it would all come right, and had, therefore, submitted to have the young man asked to come and eat his dinner under the same roof with her darlings. But she did not quite trust her sister, and felt that after all it might become her imperative duty to gather her children together in her bosom, and fly with them from contact with the Post Office clerk,—the Post Office clerk who would not become a Duke. The Marquis himself was only anxious that everything should be made to be easy. He had while at Trafford been so tormented by Mr. Greenwood and his wife that he longed for nothing so much as a reconciliation with his daughter. He was told on very good authority,—on the authority of no less a person than the Secretary of State,—that this young man was the Duca di Crinola. There had been a romance, a very interesting romance; but the fact remained. The Post Office clerk was no longer George Roden, and would, he was assured, soon cease to be a Post Office clerk. The young man was in truth an Italian nobleman of the highest order, and as such was entitled to marry the daughter of an English nobleman. If it should turn out that he had been misinformed that would not be his fault.

So it was when George Roden came to dine at Kingsbury House. He himself at this moment was not altogether happy. The last words which Lady Persiflage had said to him at Castle Hautboy had disturbed him. "Would it be honest on your part," Lady Persiflage had asked him, "to ask her to abandon the rank which she will be entitled to expect from you?" He had not put the matter to himself in that light before. Lady Frances was entitled to as much consideration in the matter as was himself. The rank would be as much hers as his. And yet he couldn't do it. Not even for her sake could he walk into the Post Office and call himself the Duca di Crinola. Not even for her sake could he consent to live an idle, useless life as an Italian nobleman. Love was very strong with him, but with it there was a sense of duty and manliness which would make it impossible for him to submit himself to such thralldom. In doing it he would have to throw over all the strong convictions of his life. And yet he was about to sit as a guest at Lord Kingsbury's table, because Lord Kingsbury would believe him to be an Italian nobleman. He was not, therefore, altogether happy when he knocked at the Marquis's door.

Hampstead had refused to join the party. He was not at present in a condition to join any social gathering. But, omitting him, a family party had been collected. Lord and Lady Persiflage were there, with Lady Amaldina and her betrothed. The Persiflages had taken the matter up very strongly, so that they may have been said to have become George Roden's special patrons or protectors. Lord Persiflage, who was seldom much in earnest about anything, had determined that the Duca di Crinola should be recognised, and was supposed already to have spoken a word on the subject in a very high quarter indeed. Vivian, the Private Secretary, was there. The poor Marquis himself was considered unable to come down into the dining-room, but did receive his proposed son-in-law upstairs. They had not met since the unfortunate visit made by the Post Office clerk to Hendon Hall, when no one had as yet dreamed of his iniquity; nor had the Marchioness seen him since the terrible sound of that feminine Christian name had wounded her ears. The other persons assembled had in a measure become intimate with him. Lord Llwdydlthw had walked round Castle Hautboy and discussed with him the statistics of telegraphy. Lady Amaldina had been confidential with him as to her own wedding. Both Lord and Lady Persiflage had given him in a very friendly manner their ideas as to his name and position. Vivian and he had become intimate personal friends. They could all of them accept him with open arms when he was shown into the drawing-room, except Lady Kingsbury herself. "No; I am not very well just at present," said the Marquis from his recumbent position as he languidly stretched out his hand. "You won't see me down at dinner again. God knows whether anybody will ever see me down at dinner again."

"Not see you down at dinner!" said Lord Persiflage. "In

another month you will be talking treason in Pall Mall as you have done all your life."

"I wish you had made Hampstead come with you, Mr.—" But the Marquis stopped himself, having been instructed that he was not on any account to call the young man Mr. Roden. "He was here this morning, but seemed to be in great trouble about something. He ought to come and take his place at the bottom of the table, seeing how ill I am;—but he won't."

Lady Kingsbury waited until her husband had done his grumbling before she attempted the disagreeable task which was before her. It was very disagreeable. She was a bad hypocrite. There are women who have a special gift of hiding their dislikes from the objects of them, when occasion requires. They can smile and be soft, with bitter enmity in their hearts, to suit the circumstances of the moment. And as they do so, their faces will overcome their hearts, and their enmity will give way to their smiles. They will become almost friendly because they look friendly. They will cease to hate because hatred is no longer convenient. But the Marchioness was too rigid and too sincere for this. She could command neither her features nor her feelings. It was evident from the moment the young man entered the room, that she would be unable to greet him even with common courtesy. She hated him, and she told every one there that she hated him. "How do you do?" she said, just touching his hand as soon as he was released from her husband's couch. She, too, had been specially warned by her sister that she must not call the young man by any name. If she could have addressed him by his title, her manner might perhaps have been less austere.

"I am much obliged to you by allowing me to come here," said Roden, looking her full in the face, and making his little speech in such a manner as to be audible to all the room. It was as though he had declared aloud his intention of accepting this permission as conveying much more than a mere invitation to dinner. Her face became harder and more austere than ever. Then finding that she had nothing more to say to him she seated herself and held her peace.

Only that Lady Persiflage was very unlike her sister, the moment would have been awkward for them all. Poor Fanny, who was sitting with her hand within her father's, could not find a word to say on the occasion. Lord Persiflage, turning round upon his heel, made a grimace to his private secretary. Llwdydlthw would willingly have said something pleasant on the occasion had he been sufficiently ready. As it was he stood still, with his hands in his trousers pockets and his eyes fixed on the wall opposite. According to his idea the Marchioness was misbehaving herself. "Dear Aunt Clara," said Lady Amaldina, trying to say something that might dissipate the horror of the moment, "have you heard that old Sir Gregory Tollbar is to marry Letitia Tarbarrel at last?" But it was Lady Persiflage who really came to the rescue. "Of course we're all very glad to see you," she said. "You'll find that if you'll be nice to us, we'll all be as nice as possible to you. Won't we, Lord Llwdydlthw?"

"As far as I am concerned," said the busy Member of Parliament, "I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of Mr. Roden." A slight frown, a shade of regret passed over the face of Lady Persiflage as she heard the name. A darker and bitterer cloud settled itself on Lady Kingsbury's brow. Lord Kingsbury rolled himself uneasily on his couch. Lady Amaldina slightly pinched her lover's arm. Lord Persiflage was almost heard to whistle. Vivian tried to look as if it didn't signify. "I am very much obliged to you for your courtesy, Lord Llwdydlthw," said George Roden. To have called him by his name was the greatest favour that could have been done to him at that moment. Then the door was opened and dinner announced.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day." In this way that dinner at Kingsbury House did come to an end at last. There was a weight of ill-humour about Lady Kingsbury on this special occasion against which even Lady Persiflage found it impossible to prevail. Roden, whose courage rose to the occasion, did make a gallant effort to talk to Lady Frances, who sat next to him. But the circumstances were hard upon him. Everybody else in the room was closely connected with everybody else. Had he been graciously accepted by the mistress of the house, he could have fallen readily enough into the intimacies which would then have been opened to him. But as it was he was forced to struggle against the stream, and so to struggle as to seem not to struggle. At last, however, time and the hour had done its work, and the ladies went up to the drawing-room.

"Lord Llwdydlthw called him Mr. Roden!" This was said by the Marchioness in a tone of bitter reproach as soon as the drawing-room door was closed.

"I was so sorry," said Lady Amaldina.

"It does not signify in the least," said Lady Persiflage. "It cannot be expected that a man should drop his old name and take a new one all in a moment."

"He will never drop his old name and take the new one," said Lady Frances.

"There now," said the Marchioness. "What do you think of that, Geraldine?"

"My dear Fanny," said Lady Persiflage without a touch of ill-nature in her tone, "how can you tell what a young man will do?"

"I don't think it right to deceive Mamma," said Fanny. "I know him well enough to be quite sure that he will not take the title, as he has no property to support it. He has talked it over with me again and again, and I agree with him altogether."

"Upon my word, Fanny, I didn't think that you would be so foolish," said her aunt. "This is a kind of thing in which a girl should not interfere at all. It must be arranged between the young man's uncle in Italy, and—the proper authorities here. It must depend very much upon—." Here Lady Persiflage reduced her words to the very lowest whisper. "Your uncle has told me all about it, and of course he must know better than any one else. It's a kind of thing that must be settled for a man by,—by—by those who know how to settle it. A man can't be this or that just as he pleases."

"Of course not," said Lady Amaldina.

"A man has to take the name, my dear, which he inherits. I could not call myself Mrs. Jones any more than Mrs. Jones can call herself Lady Persiflage. If he is the Duca di Crinola he must be the Duca di Crinola."

"But he won't be Duca di Crinola," said Lady Frances.

"There now!" said the Marchioness.

"If you will only let the matter be settled by those who understand it, and not talk about it just at present, it would be so much better."

"You heard what Lord Llwdydlthw called him," said the Marchioness.

"Llwdydlthw always was an oat," said Amaldina.

"He meant to be gracious," said Fanny; "and I am much obliged to him."

"And as to what you were saying, Fanny, as to having nothing to support the title, a foreign title in that way is not like one here at home. Here it must be supported."

"He would never consent to be burdened with a great name without any means," said Fanny.

"There are cases in which a great name will help a man to get means. Whatever he calls himself I suppose he will have to live, and maintain a wife."

"He has his salary as a clerk in the Post Office," said Fanny very boldly. Amaldina shook her head sadly. The Marchioness

clasped her hands together and raised her eyes to the ceiling with a look of supplication. Were not her darlings to be preserved from such contamination?

"He can do better than that, my dear," exclaimed Lady Persiflage; "and, if you are to be his wife, I am sure that you will not stand in the way of his promotion. His own Government and ours between them will be able to do something for him as Duca di Crinola, whereas nothing could be done for George Roden."

"The English Government is his Government," said Fanny indignantly.

"One would almost suppose that you want to destroy all his prospects," said Lady Persiflage, who was at last hardly able to restrain her anger.

"I believe she does," said the Marchioness.

In the mean time the conversation was carried on below stairs, if with less vigour, yet perhaps with more judgment. Lord Persiflage spoke of Roden's Italian uncle as a man possessing intellectual gifts and political importance of the highest order. Roden could not deny that the Italian Cabinet Minister was his uncle, and was thus driven to acknowledge the family, and almost to acknowledge the country. "From what I hear," said Lord Persiflage, "I suppose you would not wish to reside permanently in Italy, as an Italian?"

"Certainly not," said Roden.

"There is no reason why you should. I can imagine that you should have become too confirmed an Englishman to take kindly to Italian public life as a career. You could hardly do so except as a follower of your uncle, which perhaps would not suit you."

"It would be impossible."

"Just so. D'Ossi was saying to me this morning that he thought as much. But there is no reason why a career should not be open to you here as well as there; not political perhaps, but official."

"It is the only career that at present is open to me."

"There might be difficulty about Parliament certainly. My advice to you is not to be in a hurry to decide upon anything for a month or two. You will find that things will shake down into their places." Not a word was said about the name or title. When the gentlemen went upstairs there had been no brilliancy of conversation, but neither were there any positive difficulties to be incurred. Not a word further was said in reference to "George Roden" or to the "Duca di Crinola."

(To be continued)

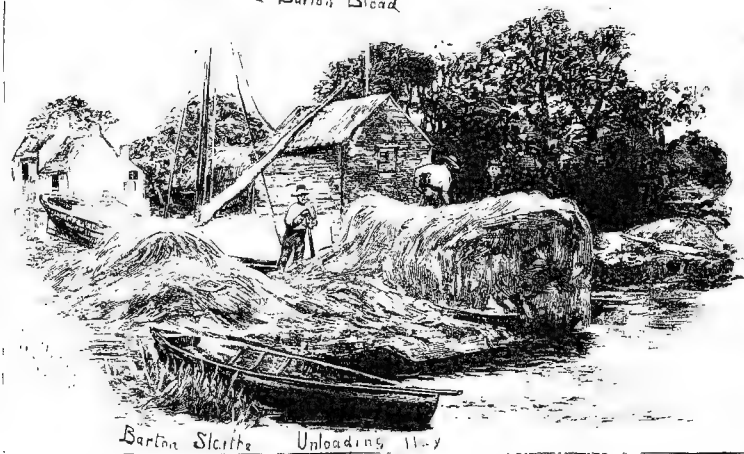
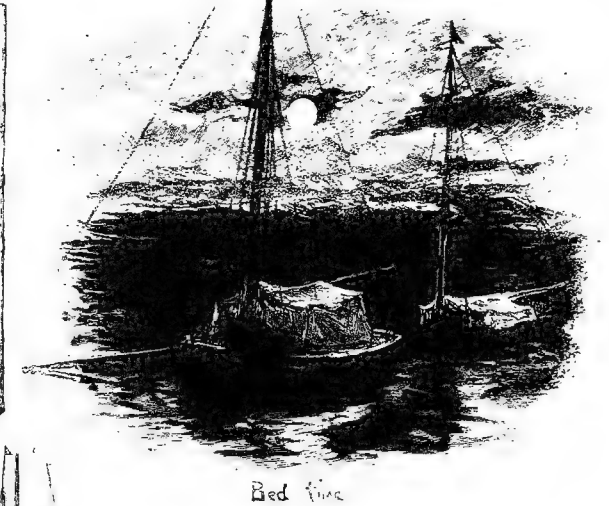
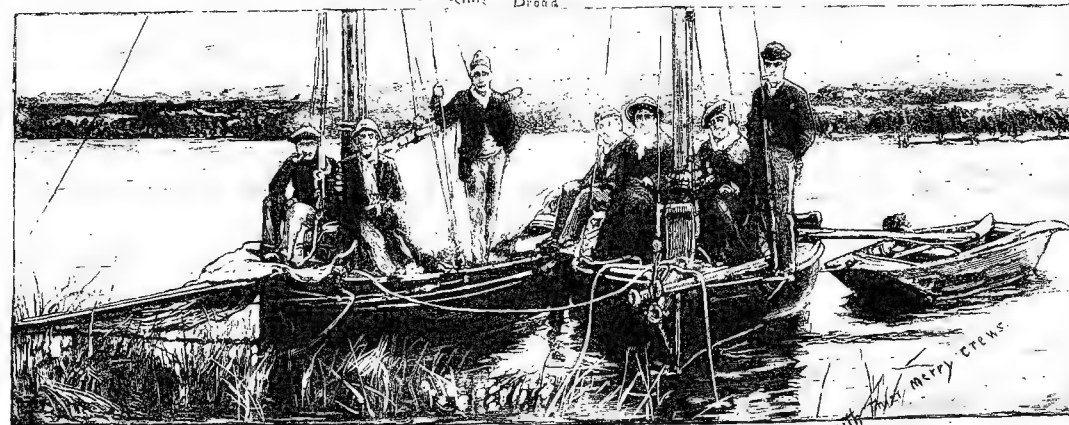
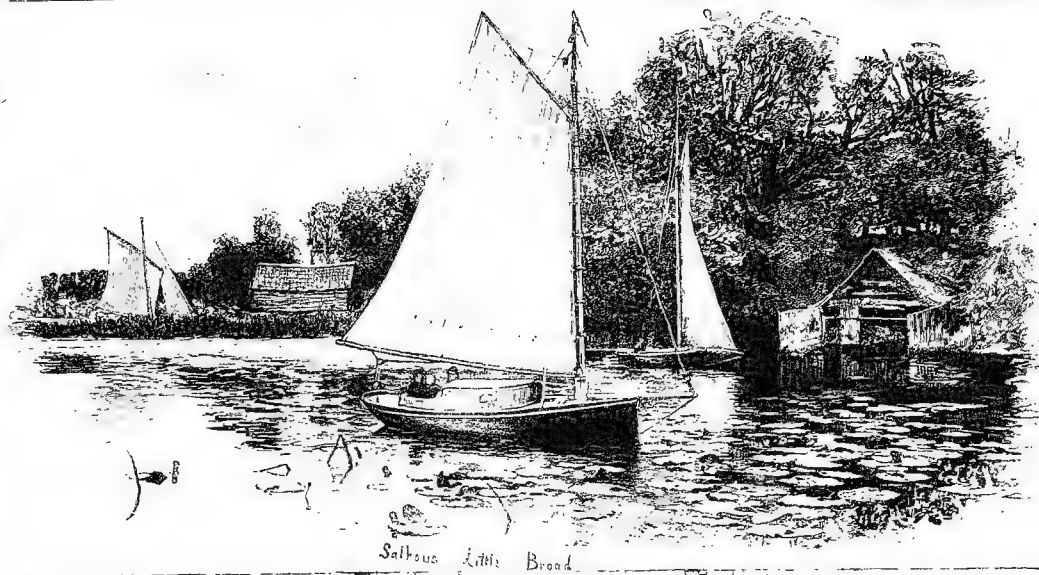


THE season just now so brilliantly started is to be one of the gayest and brightest for many years past. The recent Royal Wedding has filled London to repletion with the *élite* of English and Continental society. Our eyes are still so dazzled with the magnificent toilettes of last week's display, that it is difficult to descend to the dress of every-day life. May is essentially the month for the young and light-hearted, and even the middle-aged and old, to try and look their best in the spring sunshine. But this month is even more treacherous than March, which bears a reputation for biting winds, whilst May is associated with quiet breezes, flowers, and singing-birds. Great judgment must be exercised in putting off woollen attire, and assuming the dainty costumes of thin materials which are so very tempting this year. There is an ample choice in woollen materials for morning toilettes, whilst there is perfect freedom as to the manner in which our costumes are made. Take a dozen well-dressed women as they pass you in the Park, and not two will be dressed alike. Cashmere, which has had so long a reign, is still first favourite, combined with velvet, satin, or watered silk. A fashionable trimming for cashmere polonaises of plain colour in a light-neutral tint is an Indian shawl pattern, embroidered and outlined with gold thread, put on bands, cuffs, and waistcoat to match. By the way, waistcoats are among the revivals for morning wear, to be replaced for demi-toilette with tastily-made tuckers of muslin and lace; if very open-worked they must be lined with silk. A very pretty walking-dress is made of dark green cashmere, the short round skirt box-pleated from the hips to the hem, deep pointed basque bodice, wide sash of green watered-silk ribbon tied at the back with two large bows and ends; green straw small close-fitting bonnet, trimmed with watered ribbon and white lilac. This costume may be made in dark-blue, slate-grey, or twine-colour. When the two last-named colours are used, it is stylish to line the pleats with a bright colour—garnet, ruby, or wine-dregs, a very rich shade. Paniers are very generally worn with these pleated skirts; for slender figures they may be made *bouffant*, but for stout personages they should be merely simulated. *Casques* are again in favour, they are very useful made in black velvet, trimmed with jet gimp; under-skirt with a number of narrow flounces. Black Jersey cloth jackets covered with fine embroidery, in either steel, gold, silver, or chintz beads, are very useful for a chilly day in the house, whilst for outdoor wear a well-cut jacket made quite plain with a single row of buttons, of a material known as "coat Jersey," which is light and fits closely to the figure, is very becoming, especially to young people. Both satin and cashmere skirts for morning and evening dress are often made with alternate flounces of the material and lace, in black or colour. The *fielle*, or twine-coloured lace, is much used for trimmings, sateen, zephyr cloth, or brown holland; it has one defect, that of never looking clean, and should, therefore, not be used too near the face, as it makes the complexion look thick and sallow; in fact, this new colour, for which there is quite a rage, is more trying than dead gold. Ivory and cream shades, on the contrary, are becoming both to blonde and brunette. The trimming most in vogue is certainly embroidery in a great variety. A very pretty sort for trimming washing materials is machine-made, a silk design upon muslin, or *mousseline de soie*, which is made in every shade and colour. Richest of all the embroidery school is that of pearl lace, which is brought to great perfection. We were recently shown a presentation Court dress which is a veritable work of art. The dress was of satin *merveilleux*, draped across the front with three straight scarves, richly embroidered in Roman pearls; the train was of embossed satin, with a trimming of ostrich feathers.

We also saw a ball dress of the palest pink satin, elaborately trimmed with pearls; the pointed bodice was of pink *broché* silk, trimmed with lace and pearls, with pearl beaded sleeves. Some of the new shot silks and satins are most artistic, for example, pearl grey, shot with pale pink and blue, has quite the effect of an opal; brown, shot with gold, green, or blue, with silver grey, look remarkably well.

The *Révue de la Mode* recently gave a very stylish dress which would serve for many occasions; it is called the "Serge Panine." It is made of black satin and beaded gimp. On the short skirt is a draped *tablier*, trimmed with a deep flat band of beaded gimp. The dress is made with paniers, and draped at the back; over a high plain satin bodice is a corsage made entirely of beaded lace. This bodice may be made in mixed beads, and worn over a low dress, to form a demi-toilette. We prefer it in black jet or white seed pearls, with the lace foundation to match.

Parisiennes are rather fond of mixing black and white in a funeral manner; for example, with a black tulle skirt, made with several flounces, will be worn a white satin bodice and paniers—the effect is more striking than pleasing. Although Spanish lace is still worn, especially over colours, Venetian *guipure*, Flemish and



A CRUISE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

Chantilly lace are more fashionable, together with antique Valenciennes, which is much used for trimming under-clothing.

Violets are the favourite flowers of this month; bonnets are made of them, and large square collars of shaded Russian violets are worn—they certainly have a novel effect. These collars are also made of field daisies and forget-me-nots; they look well on a dark dress.

A new style of sleeve, which should be worn only by people with sloping shoulders, is made in the coat shape, slightly full at the top, and gathered round the armhole. A pad is tacked inside so as to make the sleeves stand up; for square-shouldered people the result is very ugly, and even at its best the fashion is not becoming. As to gloves they grow daily more expensive; the Swedish, which soil so quickly, are made to come over the elbow, and fastened with two runnings of ribbon tied in small bows, with a tiny cluster of flowers; they are far from pretty, but then they are so fashionable. For tennis parties and driving, miniature editions of gloves as worn by guardsmen, in white leather, are quite *de rigueur*.

As to bonnets and hats, they may be divided into three types: the large hat, with a wide brim turned up on one side, trimmed profusely with feathers and a *torsade* of ribbon or velvet; the *calèche*, which shades and almost conceals the face, and the very small close-fitting *capote*, which is the prettiest and most generally becoming of the three. These shapes are varied *à volonté* to suit the wearers. We must not omit to name the Spanish Matador shape, which is again popular. Manilla straw and satin straw are much worn. Some of the small bonnets seem to consist of strings which are made of wide watered-ribbon; pretty little *capotes* are made of goffered gauze, with a crown of pink, blue, or any colour to accord with the costume, and a black front; a cabbage rose, a spray of lilac, laburnum, or a bouquet of mignonette, is placed on one side. Sometimes the brim is raised, and a wreath of flowers placed underneath, over which falls a frill of lace. By the way, spotted net veils in red and all colours are worn, but they are bad for the eyesight and unbecoming, more especially from the distance. A very pretty *capote* was made of cream-coloured lace, with a wide border of mignonette and a spray of shaded pink roses; wide pink watered-ribbon strings. Another was of ruby satin, covered with ruby beads; three ostrich tips shaded from ruby to pink. Another was of starch-blue satin, embroidered in pearls, with a large cabbage-rose, full blown, and foliage, blue satin strings.

Great care is required in choosing parasols; one should be of black silk or satin, lined with the colour which has been decided upon by the fair owner for the season; for, as we have often observed before, people with limited means must make up their minds to ring the changes upon one, or, at most, two colours, now that everything must be of the same shade. A small bouquet should be fastened to the top of the parasol, or rather sunshade, for they are worn very large. For dress occasions a white sunshade with gathered frills of lace will go with any dress, but all eccentricities must be avoided except by those who can afford an endless variety of changes.



MRS. ALEXANDER does not show herself at her best in "The Freres." The story is awkward in itself and awkwardly put together, and the authoress has been carried away by a fancy for being in the German fashion. The German fashion in English fiction is now rather worn-out. It consists in setting an English family in the middle of German surroundings with which the author or authoress displays a self-consciously superior familiarity, and in making believe that our English language does not contain equivalents of the simplest German words and phrases. As a rule, the German fashion is shaky in its genders and its plural forms, but seldom so shaky as Mrs. Alexander. She seems to think, for instance, that a *Fräulein*, being female, must needs be also feminine, and she is generally aggravating in the superiority of her German to all the grammars and dictionaries. However, these faults, though needlessly irritating, are small. Her main fault results from the supposed necessity of writing a story in order to show her knowledge of Germany, the Germans, German culture, and the German tongue. That is the general *raison d'être* of these Anglo-Teuton stories, and a very poor reason it generally turns out to be. The right process is to begin with making a good story, and, if it must be laid in China, lay it there; but it is the wrong way to write a story in order to show one's knowledge of Chinese. "The Freres" is not an interesting novel. But, on the other hand, it is brightly written and occasionally amusing. At any rate, with all its weaknesses, it is far above the daily average of fiction.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's "The Fixed Period" (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is a romance of the satirical and prophetic kind, turning upon a motive that is novel and whimsical indeed. Britannula, formerly a dependency of Great Britain, is supposed, somewhere in the next century, to have separated, by mutual consent, from the old country, and to have a president and laws of its own. One of these laws asserts the principle of the Fixed Period—that every Britannulan shall, at the age of sixty, be honourably put out of the world and cremated in order to escape from the evils of old age, to make room for the young, and to keep business and State affairs from falling into incompetently aged hands. The President, who writes the history of this article of the Britannulan constitution, is an enthusiast for the principle, and puts forward every argument in its favour with conspicuous ability. Nevertheless, it is his destiny to chronicle the complete breakdown of his favourite law so soon as practice has to follow theory. Mr. Trollope's precise motive is not very easy to gather; but, on the whole, he seems to take aim, generally, at philosophical and logical constitutions, which do not take into account the facts of human nature. But, apart from any underlying purpose, this strange story of the future will be found amusingly suggestive. A great many institutions come in for their share of satire, including fast bowling—which culminates in the substitution of machinery for the human arm—political routine, and the development of explosives. But all is kindly—almost too kindly. We have become so used to sharp stabs and hard blows that his method may, at a casual glance, seem blunt and feeble. But, on the whole, we think he is right in meeting the prevalent belief, that machines and theories can in the least modify human nature, with a good-humoured smile.

"Dorothy's Venture," by Mary Cecil Hay (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), bears ample internal evidence of having been written in weekly numbers. Such a form of publication inevitably injures the effect of a novel when read as a whole. At regular intervals occurs a point, or a promise of mystery (not always fulfilled); after which, "To be continued in our next" can be read with the mind as clearly as if it were printed. For a weekly public, "Dorothy's Venture" must have proved exceedingly effective. The plot breaks up easily into parts fairly complete in themselves, and laying no tax upon the reader's memory. The incidents are sufficiently frequent; each is fairly disposed of simultaneously with the start of its successor. But Nemesis demands, and never in vain, that a work written for this mode of publication should, when published as a whole, have an effect of artificial improbability. Still, these crudities of construction do not detract from the pleasure fairly derived from the character of Dorothy—an exceedingly attractive heroine with a sense

of humour, and even a faculty for something like wit, which, in a heroine, are singularly rare. She is anything but worldly wise, and her notions of honour and duty verge upon the imbecile now and then—what she can do to spoil her life she does eagerly. But she is always bright and winning. The incidents are throughout improbable, and become decidedly melodramatic towards the close. On the whole, "Dorothy's Venture" is an exceedingly clever novel of its hand-to-mouth fashion.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND Co.—A fairly good love song for a tenor of medium compass is "Dearest," words from the German by Alfred Phillips, music by George Belcher.—Of a similar type is "True As Gold," written and composed by Margaret E. Tupper and Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac. Cantab.—A pretty song in praise of the pure element is "The Trysting Well," a tale of a maiden who consents to marry a youth on condition that he will become a teetotaler. The piquant words are by Edward Foskett, the music by Berthold Tours.—A useful addition to the Sunday at home repertoire is "The Lord is Gracious," from a cantata by H. Walmsley Little, Mus. Bac., a sacred song, replete with devotional feeling.—No. 2 of "Sherborne School Songs" is "The Sherborne Hive," a lively glee in six parts, written and composed by James Rhoades and Louis N. Parker, both of whom are masters at the establishment; if their pupils can sing this glee correctly they surely must have been well taught.—"Four Select Pieces Arranged for the Organ," by J. C. Bridge, M.A., B.Mus., whose name is a sufficient guarantee for good work, deserve a cordial reception from organists in general and students in particular. No. 1 is "Romance Affettuoso," from a pianoforte in C, by J. B. Cramer; No. 2, "Bourrée," from Handel's first Organ Concerto, second set; No. 3, "Overture to Oetius," by Handel; No. 4, Schumann's "Message."—"La Brunette," a *mazurka de salon*, and "La Blondine," are very commonplace school pieces for the pianoforte, quite unworthy of their composer Berthold Tours, who has done much better with his "Seconde Gavotte Moderne en Sol," a very taking piece, which will be a favourite and asked for often as an encore.—"Rigaudon," by E. Silas, is clever but monotonous.—The same cannot be said of "Six Imp Dances," short pieces for the pianoforte by Lindsay Kearne; they are as quaint as their title, more difficult to read than to play.—A brace of fantasias for the pianoforte by Boyton Smith, entitled "England" and "Ireland," are remarkably good specimens of the variation school; the latter is the more pleasing of the two; popular airs are the themes of both.—"Danse Romanesque," by H. J. Edwards, is a fairly good schoolroom piece.—Three polkas which will pass muster well in a ball-room are respectively: "The Sleight Race," by A. J. Caldicott; "The Harkaway," by S. Currie; and "The Terra Cotta," by W. H. Dixon.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very charming song of medium compass, words by Percy T. Cowley, music by "W. H. S.," is "Only One."—"Andante" for the pianoforte from Sonata No. 1, by E. A. Sydenham, is worthy of careful study; it is a brief and musically composition (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Andante," with variations, originally composed by Schumann for two pianofortes, has been very neatly transcribed for the organ by Edward Cutler. As a composer he has not been so successful with "Gavotte in A major," a very mediocre specimen of this overtaxed school (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—Two sacred songs, written and composed by Arthur Brogden and Professor C. L. André, are: "Jesus Weeps," very devotional in character (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.), and "Who Says 'There Is No God?'" which will not add to the reputation of either poet or composer (Morgan and Scott).—Byron's beautiful poem, "My Soul Is Dark" has been ably set to music by A. Antoine (Messrs. Ransford and Son).—A very pretty schottische, by Vincenzo Lubani, is "Paix du Cœur" (Heartease).—We cannot say the same of "Autumn Leaves Valse," by E. S. Hounsell, which is commonplace, but the time is well marked (City Music Store Company).



"THE MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES T. FIELDS" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Fields was better known, even in his own country, as a publisher rather than as an author, and it is certain that many English writers—Mr. Tennyson among the number—owe their introduction to the great reading classes of America to the energy and liberality of Ticknor and Fields, or, as the establishment was known in later years, Fields, Osgood, and Co. This neat volume of memoirs, was, we believe, compiled by the widow of the late publisher, and under the circumstances we might naturally expect to look upon his career through glasses of a decidedly roseate hue. But those who knew the man will be sure that no undue effort has been made to give a forced or artificial colour to his life, while strangers have only to search the book for proofs of the simple, genial, whole-souled nature of the man to whose memory it is a fitting tribute. The book consists mainly of letters which passed between Mr. Fields and prominent people in the literary world, and extend over a space of nearly forty years. Such other matter as appears, aside from a few pages of biography referring to the earlier years of Fields' life, is of an explanatory, though at the same time a desultory character. From a poor lad who started out at the early age of fourteen to earn his own livelihood in a strange city, James Fields became the head of one of the largest publishing houses in the United States, a house which, to use an expression well understood by the bookselling craft on the other side of the Atlantic, never "pirated" the works of our English writers, but made just and liberal dealing the motto of its business life. The "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston became the resort of a very remarkable group of men—indeed it was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. "It was Fields' pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors; to place there, if he could, the English poets and belles-lettres writers, and then to call them all personal friends." Few men, probably have had such a list of friends as James T. Fields. In these memoirs we find him in correspondence with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Landor, Wordsworth, Dickens, the Brownings, Professor Agassiz, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Dana, Barry Cornwall, Christopher North, Joseph Severn, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Mowatt, Charlotte Cushman, Ole Bull, Carlyle, Charles Sumner, and many other famous persons. Fields sympathised deeply with young men, and many an American author will recall the day when, an unknown scribbler, and without even a line of introduction, he took his maiden contribution to the curtained desk in the "Old Corner Bookstore," and was met with a firm grasp of the hand, and a smiling, genial countenance. If his work met with criticism it was kindly, and the words of encouragement and kind advice which he took away will never be forgotten. Mr. Fields made several journeys to this country, of which he was very fond.

Writing to Miss Mitford in 1853 he says:—"I want to see English faces and hear English voices once more. I want to be in England and embrace the whole island, for I like England, and I can't help it, and I don't want to help it." Anything that will throw light upon such a character, upon a man who was a student not only of books but of human nature as well, who was an ardent lover of our country, our literature, our people, our picturesque villages, and our great metropolis, is sure to meet with a hearty reception at the hands of English readers.

"Rural England," by L. G. Seguin (Strahan and Co.), is a fine specimen of the *giganteum* variety of book-making, a variety which seems increasing to an unpleasant extent. The volume is a very sumptuous, a very comely one. It is printed on hand-made paper, "specially made;" its title-page is red-lettered; and its illustrations—from designs by Millais, Small, Green, Pettie, Barnard, McWhirter, and other well-known artists—are printed on Japanese proof paper, and mounted with the text. Any one expecting to find the illustrations new, however, will be disappointed. They are old, and being old the whole object of the book is, as it were, confessed in them. The work, indeed, is a sort of grandiose scheme for using up old blocks. The idea is a bold one; but it can only be accepted on it that one cannot but admire; but it can only be accepted on the ground that the blocks are worth reproducing. Unfortunately only a few of them are. Designs by Mr. Millais or Mr. Small will, of course, always have a certain interest, but they must be well engraved. Most of these pictures, however, are not well engraved, and when they are the blocks are so worn that the "Japanese proof" ceases to have any artistic value. As to the letterpress, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that, like the author's other works, it is very well written. The style is pleasant, the matter interesting. We are told all about the farm, the seed-time and the harvest, the beehives, and the mother-sheep, the feeding of the cattle, and the clover meadows. We are taken into the lane and examine the hedges, the blackberries, and the cottage, and we hear the song of the thrush; into the woods in tender spring, in green summer, and golden autumn; we listen to the nightingale, and lounge round the gamekeeper's cottage or the faggot-gatherer at work. We stray into the meadow with its buttercups and daisies, its pollard hedgerows, and sleepy horses in the shade; and into the village street, where we gaze at the blacksmith's forge, the postman, the donkey-cart, and the "oldest inhabitant." We go to church, and we visit the "Hall." Very pleasant all this, and a vehicle for a great deal of information into the bargain;—but was it worth doing on so large, so gorgeous, a scale? We doubt it.

There have been many books written about journals and journalists, but a history of English journalism does not exist. Materials there are in plenty, however, and Mr. Charles Pebody may in some sense be said to have "cleared the ground" in the able sketch which forms the thirteenth volume of that both useful and entertaining series, "Cassell's Shilling Library." In "English Journalism," Mr. Pebody, of course, has travelled over fields which have been more or less well-trodden by others before him; but he has the knack of saying familiar things in such a pleasant way that they now and then seem actually novel. Hence, in dealing with such well-worn topics as the occupations and associations of Fleet Street, the growth of *The Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Herald*, both dead now, and the present leading daily newspapers, he never writes a dull line. He conveys information in a pleasant gossiping fashion that, apparently an easy characteristic, is probably the result of effort and considerable practice. He is as entertaining in his chat about "Rare Ben Jonson," Swift and Steele, Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith, and the jovial members of the Kit-Kat Club, as he is in when recounting the rise of the modern provincial press, the appearance of that interesting phenomenon the "Society" journal, or the daring feats of special correspondents—from Mr. Forbes' exploits in the Franco-Prussian War to Mr. O'Donovan's adventurous expedition to Merv. In the particulars of "specials" indeed, and generally as regards the latest developments of journalistic enterprise, Mr. Pebody has a good deal to say that will be new to many people. Apart from this, however, this book deserves to be popular: it is at once compact, and comprehensive, and extremely interesting.

Mr. Tristram J. Ellis's "Six Etchings" of well-known views in Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park (Field and Tuer) have claim to consideration rather as history than as art. They are faithful delineations of the Long Water, the Broad Walk, and the Palace, in Kensington Gardens; and the Albert Memorial, Rotten Row at Mid-day, and the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. Artistically speaking the etcher has not made as much of these subjects as he might have done. His command of the figure is weak, and he has not much feeling for light and atmosphere; but so far as his means and abilities have allowed he has produced a series of plates that will always possess the interest belonging to conscientious records of fact. We cannot say that any one plate is much better or much worse than the others; but, in the view of the Palace, the trees are treated with some skill. A bright descriptive account has been written by Mr. W. J. Lofie, who has taken no little pains with his work, which, with the impression of the plates, is enclosed in a neat portfolio.

When put down in solid black and white, from some unaccountable reason, legal stories seem duller than those of other professions. "Forensic Anecdotes," by Jacob Larwood (Chatto and Windus), is—and we say so in all good humour—a mass of strong evidence of this fact. There are a great many old, and some new, anecdotes; but few of either are specially funny, or specially good, as anecdotes go. The best thing in the book is the preface; which is not saying very much, perhaps. They have their uses, these compilations; they provide a fine enervating species of mental dissipation. We dare say there are hundreds of people who read them by the hour together, and over and over again; but what a view of life must theirs be!

An important work of reference is "Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World" (2 vols.: H. P. Hubbard, New-haven, U.S.A.). It contains references to and accounts of over thirty-three thousand newspapers and fifteen thousand banks throughout the world. The first volume deals chiefly with the newspapers of America, the second with those of other countries, and both contain portraits of well-known journalists, and *fac-similes* of the covers of many well-known journals. Maps and gazetteer information render the work still more complete, and the whole thing is done in a fresh and unconventional manner, which is quite new when applied to books of reference.

At the present time, when the question of illumination by electricity is fully under discussion, a second edition of Mr. Killingworth Hedges' "Useful Information on Electric Lighting" (E. and F. N. Spon), is doubly welcome. The little work is now fully brought up to date, and gives a plain, straightforwardly written account of the various forms of the arc and incandescent lamps, and, indeed, of the general system of electric lighting. Thus a very fair idea of the principle may be gathered by the general reader, who will find it a welcome companion when visiting the Electrical Exhibition, while the manufacturer, in search of a practicable light for his workshop, will gain valuable information from the various hints conveyed in its pages. To the scientific student also the work will be exceedingly useful, if only from the handy memoranda and tables in the appendix. Altogether the book is the best of the kind that we have yet seen, and we cannot refrain from hoping that Mr. Killingworth Hedges may see fit to bring out a more compendious and detailed work on the subject with which he is so eminently competent to deal.

We have received also a new edition of the "Guide to the House of Commons, 1882" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). It contains full and recent information on the doings and constitution of the House.

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 Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram
 PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-
 MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL
 PARTS of the COUNTRY (no matter the distance,
 FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with
 Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of
 MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable
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 at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if
 Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT
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Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates,
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Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at
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THE BEST CRAPES,
 THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
 Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this
 desirable manner solely to the order of PETER
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 Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard
 Others not finished by this process, from 5s. 6d.
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PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse,
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LOUIS VELVETEEN.

F. CATER and CO.
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CELEBRATED VELVETEEN,
 IN BLACK and all SPRING COLOURS.
 PATTERNS POST FREE.
 The wear of every yard guaranteed.

PAIN KILLER.—Perry Davis's

PAIN KILLER is recommended by Physicians,
 Missionaries, Ministers, Nurses in Hospitals,
 Managers of Factories, Farm Stewards—in short
 by everybody, everywhere, who has ever given it a
 trial. Taken internally, cures sudden Colic,
 Catarrh, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Dys-
 pnoea, Liver Complaints, Acid Stomach, Head-
 ache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neu-
 ralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Canker in the Mouth,
 Throat, or Stomach, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness,
 Piles, Kidney Complaints, the most common, Spasms,
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 Painters' Colic, Worms, Diarrhoea, and Cholera;
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 in the Side, Pains in the Back and Loins (Lum-
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 appreciated throughout the world. Price of Pain
 Killer, 1s. 12d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.—OF
 Chemists everywhere.

INDIGESTION.—An Open Door to
 HEALTH.—Every person suffering from Indiges-
 tion, Dyspepsia, or any symptom of a "Stomach
 out of Order," should send for a Pamphlet respect-
 ing the positive cure by the use of LACTOPEP-
 TINE, and read the cases and letters from Medi-
 cal Men in every part of the world, showing results
 in practice. More than 10,000 Doctors, 10,000
 Chemists, the entire Medical Press, have certified
 as to the remarkable efficacy of LACTOPEPTINE.
 It is rational in the theory of its action, and cures
 all disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price 4s. 6d.
 in Ounce Bottles, with a Dose Measure attached;
 and can be sent by post. Each Bottle contains
 48 to 60 grains doses. It is as agreeable to the taste,
 and may be taken either alone or water after meals.
 LACTOPEPTINE is prepared solely by JOHN
 M. RICHARDS, Laboratory, Great Russell St.,
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SOZODONT.

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
 SOZODONT preserves the Teeth—SOZODONT
 cleanses the Teeth—SOZODONT beautifies the
 Teeth—SOZODONT improves the breath—SOZODONT
 breathes—SOZODONT removes all tartar and
 scum from the Teeth—SOZODONT arrests the
 progress of decay. All Blemishes that disfigure
 the Teeth are speedily removed by SOZODONT,
 the great purifying and beautifying agent. The
 gums are made rosy and healthy by its use, and the
 mortifying decay is speedily removed. It is com-
 pletely remedied by it. It is the king of denti-
 frices. The Bottles are fitted with patent sprinklers
 for applying the liquid to the Teeth-brush. Each
 Bottle is enclosed in a Toilet Box. Sold by
 Chemists and Perfumers at 2s. 6d. Observe the
 name SOZODONT on the Label, Box, and Bottle.

THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE

WORLD for the LIVER, STOMACH, and
SPLEEN is HOLMAN'S PAD. Hundreds of
 thousands bear testimony. Try one and be con-
 vinced. Stop Dosing! All ages and both sexes
 discover in the Holman Pad the most marvellous
 remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, com-
 plete, and that without drenching the delicate
 stomach with dangerous drugs. It is Nature's
 greatest, best, and safest remedy, and is valued
 beyond all price by thousands who have suffered in
 all parts of the world. Price of Regular Pad,
 3s. 6d. Special, 15s. We earnestly invite the reader
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 address.—THE HOLMAN PAD CO., Great
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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

FOR
 CONSTIPATION,
 BILE,
 HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING
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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

2s. 6d. the box, stamp included.
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THE GREAT REMEDY
 FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
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LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

GLYKALINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
 Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory
 Ailments.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves
 Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
 in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unobtainably clears
 the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a
 few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKA-
 LINE is unrepresented.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL
 to GLYKALINE.

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under
 date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
 valuable property of curing cold in the head. The
 man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague
 ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
 race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
 general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
 I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-
 for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
 colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The
 unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears tes-
 timony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals
 of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of
 colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he
 says, "only to make known the healing properties of
 GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering
 human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and
 speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from
 obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 12d.,
 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all
 Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
 Cures (and instantly relieves) Toothache, Neuralgia,
 and Nerve Pains.

NEURALINE is recognised as a
 reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout,
 and neurological disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY,
 and will be found invaluable to all who are
 afflicted.

NEURALINE never fails to give
 relief. It is in demand throughout the world.
 As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly
 celebrated in a single application (in many cases) perma-
 nently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received
 the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-
 house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot
 express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline.
 It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD
 EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost
 instantaneous."
 NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles,
 1s. 12d. and 2s. 6d. by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated
 directions with each.

AUROSINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
 Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
 Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of
 sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the
 exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the in-
 fluence of exposure. It renders the surface of the
 skin as beautiful, smooth, and supple, softens, and de-
 pends, and the natural hue, while in no



GILYAKS ON THE LOWER AMUR



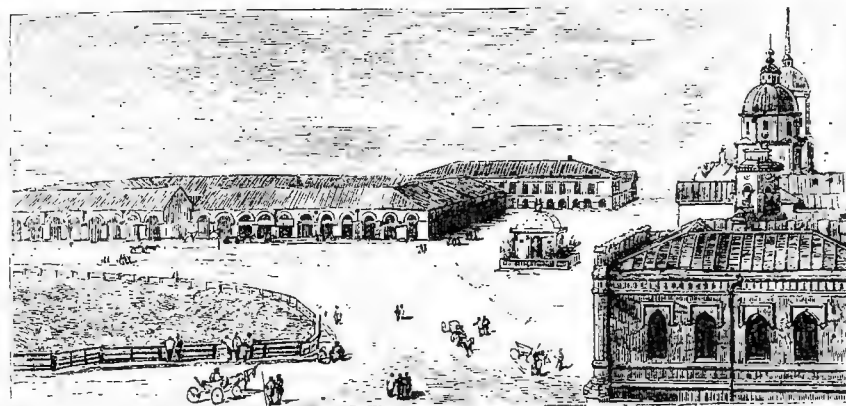
A SIBERIAN CONVICT IN IRONS



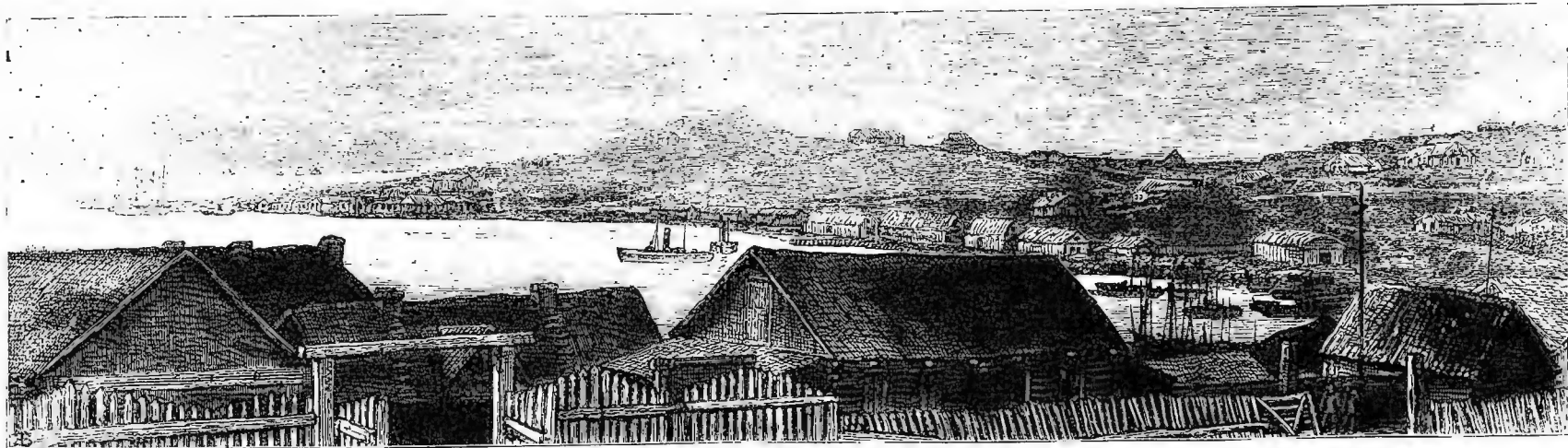
A SAMOYEDE WITH REINDEER



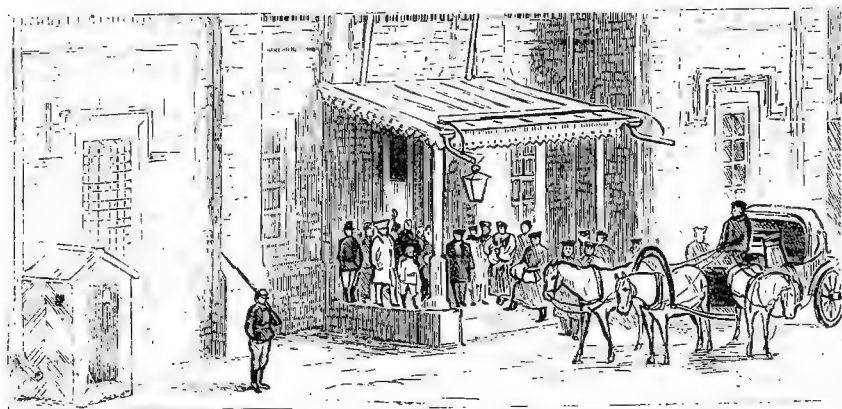
THE UPPER AND LOWER TOWNS OF TOBOLSK



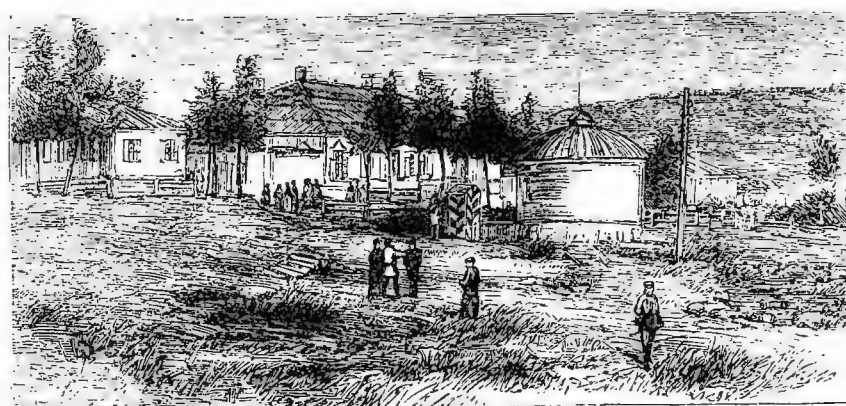
THE GOSTINNOI DVOR, OR BAZAAR, AT TOMSK



VLADIVOSTOK, THE CHIEF PORT OF THE RUSSIANS ON THE PACIFIC



ARRIVAL OF GOLD FROM THE MINES AT THE SMELTING HOUSE, IRKUTSK



THE TREASURY AND GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT THE ALEXANDREFFSKY PRISON



NATIVE TRIBES OF THE KASAN GOVERNMENT



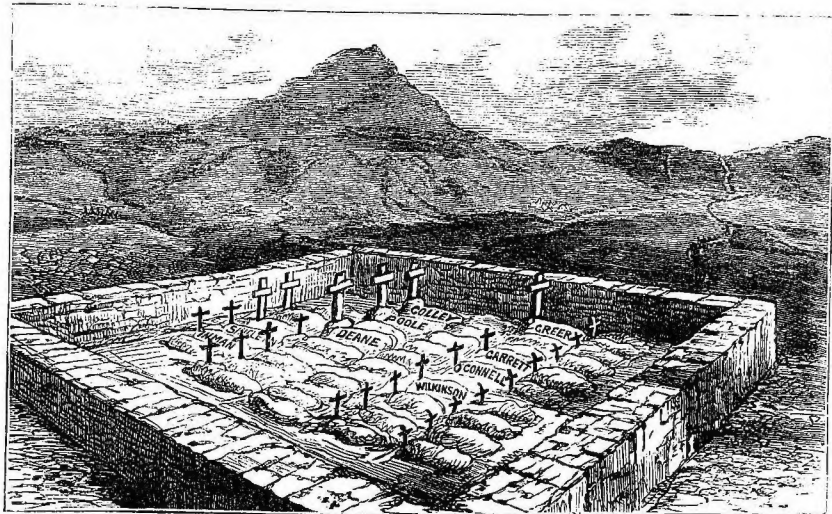
GOLDI MAN AND WOMAN ON THE USSURI



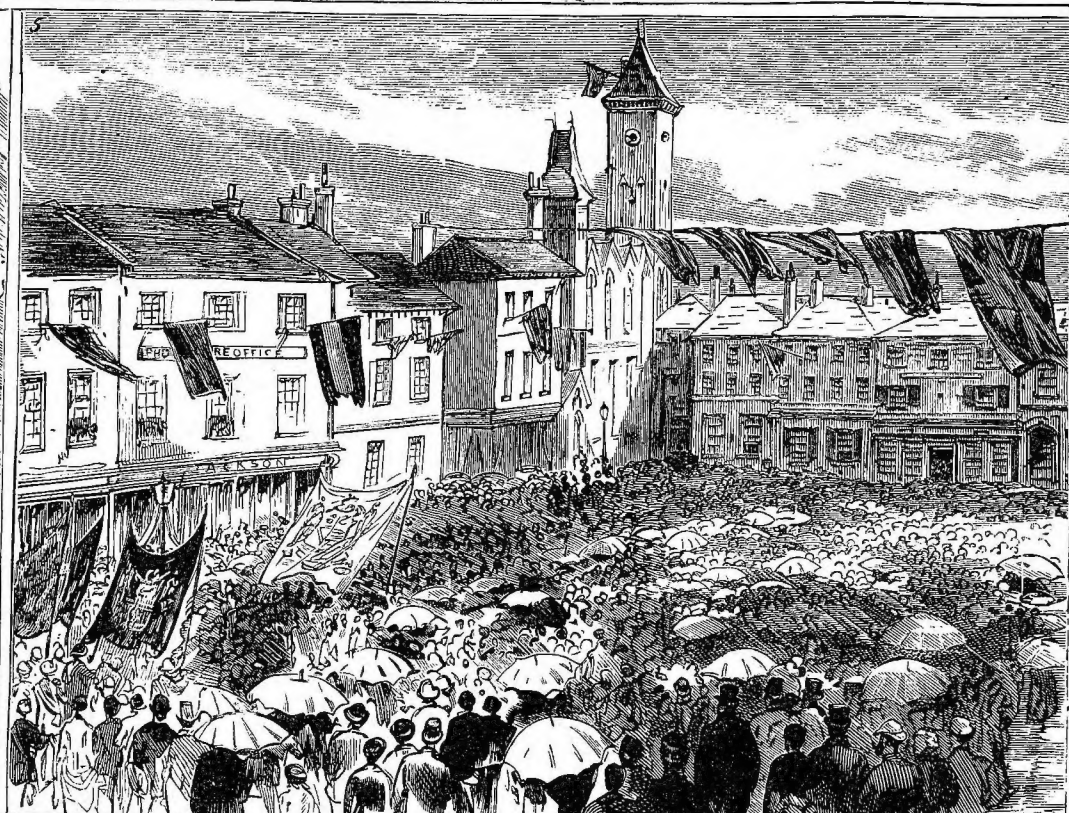
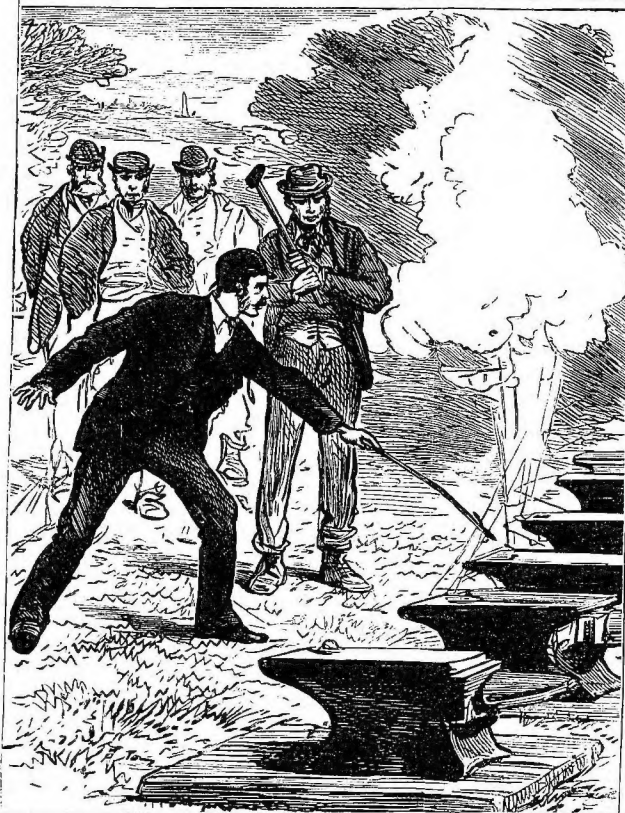
A COREAN HOUSE IN VLADIVOSTOCK



"REVOLUTION HOUSE," WHITTINGTON, NEAR SHEFFIELD, ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN



THE LATE TRANSVAAL WAR—BRITISH CEMETERY NEAR MAJUBA MOUNTAIN



1. Arrival of the First Train at Didcot.—2. Declaring the Line Open.—3. Unaccustomed to the Iron Horse: Training Ground near Crompton.—4. A Salute of Anvils at Crompton.—5. Newbury *En Fête*.

OPENING OF THE NEWBURY AND DIDCOT RAILWAY



AGRICULTURE IN APRIL.—The last week of April was not of a genial character. Sunshine was not wholly wanting, neither was the rain heavy enough to cause serious floods. At the same time the aggregate rainfall of the week was large, and it was accompanied by a disagreeable lowering of the temperature, which stood at 53° at midday, and fell to 28° or 29° on the grass at night. On the 29th the wind rose to a gale, and where trees lost branches and chimney-pots were blown into the streets, it need scarcely be added that the spring flowers were sadly battered and beaten down, and the tender green leaves of budding trees and shrubs much injured and torn. Despite all this the outlook agriculturally is good. The hops are unusually forward, and poling being generally finished, tying has been already begun. The plants come out strong and well. Wheat on dry and sound land is of good colour and vigorous growth, and on other soils where, during the prevalence of north-easterly winds, the blade was fast turning yellow, it has improved. A few fields are patchy, by reason of seed having failed, others are distinctly smaller than in ordinary years. Red rust has made its appearance, but at present this is all that can be said. It may be met with, but where seen is quite phenomenal. Early sown barley has a very healthy look and is forward, but growth is not much in advance of the season as a rule. Oats are coming on well. Early peas are of very good promise, and there is a happy scarcity of slugs. Italian rye grass is here and there being cut for green feed, and the growth has been good. Both clovers and meadows give promise of large hayricks, and keep is abundant. Stock and sheep continue in good heart, and disease is rare. The horse trade, in parts, is rather looking up, and useful cart colts are inquired after, good prices being given. The land has become rather wet for getting in mangold, but farm work generally is quite up to time.

A COUNTRY RAMBLER in East Anglia notices the plumbtrees in the village gardens white with glorious wealth of blossom, while the thorn hedges of the fields are bursting into bloom of may. Along the course of streams and in the water-meadows the grasses are of a coarser and more aquatic type than was the case four or five years ago. This is probably due to the wet seasons of 1879, 1880, and 1881 having developed the coarser herbage at the expense of the finer and more nourishing grasses.

PARISH ALLOTMENTS are an excellent institution, and we only regret that so few country parishes encourage the agricultural industry of the humble residents. Some allotments may well be charitable or of the nature of pensions, but others might, we believe, be profitably farmed out at a moderate rental. Quarter acre plots would grow enough vegetables for the use of a family of five during a twelve-month, and we do not believe such holdings would ever remain long unlet. As a means for bringing lads into farm and field-work and accustoming them thereto, parish allotments have an educational value not entirely to be ignored. We have heard country clergymen say that where there are parish allotments, the holders do not come to church but work on these lands on Sundays. Certainly there is a growing preference for evening service among the poor, but it may be questioned whether the men working on their patches of garden ground would not if at leisure be employed reading the cheap Sunday papers, or even idling in bed.

BERKSHIRE FARMERS have been looking into their leases, and at a meeting recently held at Reading, resolved "that compensation for unfair disturbance should be decided by arbitration in the usual way, and be a landlord's payment separate, and in addition to compensation for unexhausted improvements; it shall apply only when a tenant receives notice to quit, or notice is given him of an increase of rent and he elects to leave." It must be stated that this Land League addition to English farmers' requirements was only carried by a majority of one vote, at the same time it has a significance of its own, and should operate as a warning to those about to invest in landed security of an agricultural character.

THE STOWEY COURT HERD was very well known in South-west England, and, indeed, throughout the country generally. It has recently been dispersed, and eighty-six animals fetched in all 3,512*l.*, a price which we cannot help feeling must have materially disappointed the careful breeder of these beautiful animals.

SPRING ARRIVALS.—The earliest nightingale of the season appears to have enlivened the woods of Damerham, near Salisbury, on the 2nd of April. The chiffchaff arrived at Nottingham as early as February 28th, the sand martin on April 7th, the willow wren on April 16th, the swallow and redstart on the following day, the treepit on April 20th, and the whinchat, wheatear, sedgewarbler, whitethroat, nightingale, and cuckoo on April 23rd.—In Ireland sand martins arrived on the 20th, and swallows on the 24th.



It was clear when the House of Commons met on Monday that a crisis was impending. The air was full of rumours of Ministerial changes. It was said that Lord Selborne had resigned, that Lord Kimberley had gone with him, and that Mr. Forster had brought up the rear. It is a remarkable circumstance that, whenever Ministerial resignations are pressed, Lord Selborne is always the first to go. On Monday night it was clear Lord Selborne had not gone yet. He was in his place on the Woolsack, and as far as he was concerned the world was going round in its usual direction, and at the accustomed pace. Lord Kimberley was also on the Ministerial Bench, holding friendly converse with Lord Granville; whilst Mr. Forster was, as usual, battling with the blatant hostility of the Land League members. One thing was sure, Earl Cowper had resigned the Lord Lieutenantcy, and Lord Spencer had taken his place. This was something to begin with, and it was shrewdly suspected that it would not prove the full measure. Lord Salisbury, thirsting for information, put nine questions in a batch to Lord Granville, who blandly parried the assault, pleading insufficiency of notice. The Lords were up early, but the Commons sat their full time, ostensibly engaged in the discussion of the *clôture* resolutions. The result of the sitting was that a single one of the amendments which fill eight pages of the Orders was disposed of. Whilst the debate was not lacking in vigour, and the Division was beat up for with great animation, the real discussion of the evening was carried on outside, where in Lobby, Reading Room, Dining Room, and Tea Room, nothing was talked of but the Ministerial Crisis and its probable issue.

It was arranged that at the evening sitting on Tuesday, the morning sitting being taken up with Procedure, Mr. Forster would take an opportunity of making a statement with respect to the Ministerial proposals for Ireland. This arrangement had been made by the Prime Minister for the first time on Thursday night, and had then been communicated with great confidence. On Monday night

the Premier again referred to the Ministerial statement to be made on the following night. But this time, whilst indicating Mr. Forster as the spokesman, he did not mention his name with great confidence. When the House met on Tuesday it was observed with curious interest that Mr. Forster was in his place on the Treasury Bench. He answered the customary budget of questions put to him by the Land Leaguers, and submitted to the usual allowance of bullying after he had replied. The other members of the Cabinet were also present, and so far as the eye could detect things were going on as usual.

Questions over, the Cabinet Ministers left the House in a body, and it was known they had retired for what was appreciated as a critical conference. An hour later Mr. Forster came back, and took his seat on the Treasury Bench, though not in his accustomed place. He found the House engaged, not in the discussion of the Procedure Rules, as had been proposed by Government, but upon the question of the issue of a writ for Wigan as had been ordered by Mr. Charles Lewis. The sitting was clearly being wasted, and it was said that, for all practical purposes, Mr. Gladstone might as well have acceded to the suggestion urged upon him from the Opposition side that the ordinary course should be taken, and that the House should meet in the evening, so that Sir John Hay's motion with respect to the suspects might come on in the usual way, and have the advantage of the full sitting. But the fact is Mr. Gladstone knew on Monday, scarcely any more than any other man, what Tuesday might bring forth. Events had with increasing haste shaped themselves, and it was actually not till half-past three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon that the Premier knew what kind of a communication he would have to make to the listening Senate. Lord Granville, in the other House, was pledged to make some sort of reply to Lord Salisbury at half-past four. No useful purpose could be served by delaying until a late hour on Monday the statement in the House of Commons. Accordingly the resolve was hastily taken to make a statement forthwith, or as soon as the Wigan business could be wound up. The Premier coming in shortly before four o'clock found Mr. Forster sitting forlornly on the Treasury Bench, a place which for some time to come will know him no more. The Premier personally communicated to Sir John Hay his intention of making a statement forthwith, and the news spread throughout the House with inconceivable rapidity.

It was nearly five before the Premier found an opportunity of rising. In the mean time, the news had come out in the House of Lords. Thither had flocked the Commons, crowding every foot of space allotted to them, banking up the meagre attendance of peers with an eager and excited throng. As well as the acoustic properties of the House of Lords would permit, they heard from Earl Granville's lips a succession of startling statements. Mr. Forster had resigned, the Government had no present intention of renewing the Coercion Act, though they were considering a measure designed with a view to strengthening the means of the administration of Justice, and to protect life and property; the suspects would be released; and a measure would be introduced on the question of arrears and the extension of the purchase clauses of the Land Act.

Mr. Gladstone's statement was by the accidental precedence of announcement in the Lords deprived of some of its acuter interest. But the scene was not lacking in those attributes which mark historical occasions in the House of Commons. Two hours ago the place had been almost empty, those present listening with languid attention to the debate, which it was well understood had a much closer connection with the desirability of delaying the progress of the Procedure Rules than the issue of the writ for Wigan. Now the Chamber was crowded in every part, and the great throng was tremulous with excitement. Mr. Gladstone spoke in a low tone, and with evidently constrained serenity. His actual frame of mind was made known when Mr. Warton, indulging his peculiar humour, noisily laughed when the Premier said that the release of the suspects was an act undertaken upon the sole responsibility of the Government, and again a little later when Mr. Lowther spoke of the whole affair as "an ignominious surrender to the Land League." Then the Premier blazed forth, and (in a Parliamentary sense, of course) ate up the offending Members.

The announcement, taken as a whole, was enough to take away the breath of the Conservative Opposition. It had expected something portentous, but not all this. It was, perhaps, owing to this paralysis of surprise that Sir Stafford Northcote's speech did not disclose the full measure of Conservative reprobation. This was found more accurately expressed in the speeches of Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Lowther, and Mr. Plunket. It was a kind of *crescendo* movement, reaching its height in the passionate periods of Mr. Plunket. The more the Conservatives thought of it the worse it seemed, and the situation was not, from their point of view, improved by the effect upon the Irish members. There was, for the moment at least, complete reconciliation between the men who had bullied Mr. Forster through two Sessions and the men from whom Mr. Forster had now separated himself. This feeling sought further expression on Thursday, when the late Chief Secretary found an opportunity of explaining the reasons of his resignation, and received quite an ovation from the Conservative Benches.



THREATENING THE QUEEN.—A lad named Young, aged seventeen, employed as a railway telegraph clerk at Sprotboro, Doncaster, was last week arrested on suspicion of being the sender of a letter professing to be a Roman Catholic priest, in whose parish fifty men, having been ejected by their landlord, had banded themselves together to destroy the Queen as being the cause of their misery; and threatening to absolve them from all misdeeds instead of holding them in check with threats of excommunication if 40*l.* per man were not at once sent to enable them to go to America. Young, who is in custody under remand, denies all knowledge of this letter, but it is alleged to be in his handwriting.

FEMALE SWINDLERS seem to be increasing in number, and they are certainly as ingenious and daring as those of the sterner sex. The latest capture is of a Plymouth lodging-house keeper named Down, who by a series of ingenious deceptions has succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money from different people, one of her victims being Dr. Gale, a blind gentleman, who was deceived by her assuming the voice and infirm gait of an old lady, who had once lodged with her, and cajoled into receiving as security for a loan of 150*l.* a sealed packet, alleged to contain valuable title-deeds, but which turned out to consist of sheets of music.

AN ATTEMPT TO WRECK THE IRISH MAIL was supposed to have been made early on Tuesday morning near Rugby, but the signalman who at first claimed credit for removing the obstruction, has since confessed that he himself had previously placed it on the rails, his object being to gain promotion.

JEW BAITING is amongst the newest amusements of the Liverpool "Corner men," two of whom have been committed for trial for an unprovoked assault on a Russian Jew whom they inveigled into a stable, and there ill-treated in a most disgraceful and cowardly manner.

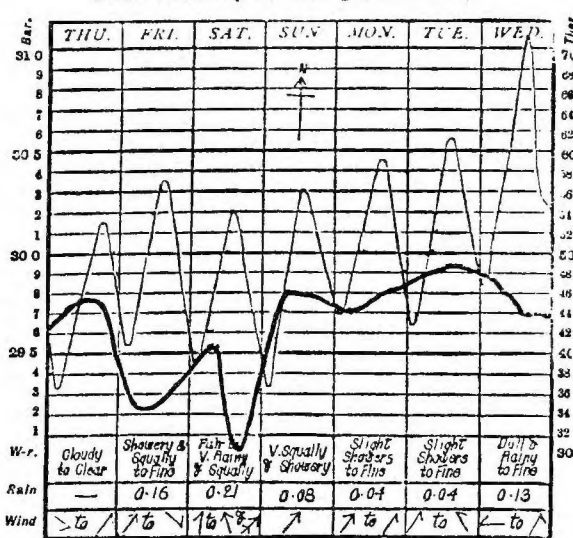
CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—The convict Lamson was executed last week, and any doubt that may have been entertained as to

the Home Secretary having taken the proper course should be dispelled by the fact that almost at the last moment he confessed his guilt. His counsel, Mr. Montagu Williams, has written to the papers stating that no suggestion of the prisoner's insanity was made to him either by Lamson himself or by any of his friends.—Thomas Fury has also been sentenced to death, having been convicted of a murder committed in Sunderland thirteen years ago, and to which he confessed, avowedly for the purpose of escaping from the ill-treatment to which he was subjected in gaol whilst under a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude for robbery and attempted murder at Norwich in 1879. His autobiographical statement, which the Judge would not allow him to read in Court, but which has since appeared in fragments in the daily papers, seems to be an extraordinary document, and the grave charges against the police which it contains ought not to pass unnoticed.—The trial of Mrs. Pay for the murder of the child Georgina Moore has resulted in an acquittal. The defence rested absolutely on the weakness of the prosecution, and the case is curious as showing the large amount of circumstantial evidence which may sometimes be adduced against a person and yet clearly fall short of proving guilt.—John Fereday, the inmate of Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, who killed a fellow patient with a spade, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity, and will be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.—John Baker, the alleged murderer of Enoch Clark in Finchley Woods, was to be tried yesterday (Friday).

SALVATION ARMY PROCESSIONS.—The sentence of a month's hard labour imposed last week by the Kingsclere magistrates upon four "officers" of the Salvation Army has been made the subject of a rule granted in the Queen's Bench Division, calling upon them to show cause why they should not state a case in respect of the conviction for the decision of a superior court. We may, therefore, hope that at last an authoritative judgment will be given on the question whether these people are or are not within their rights in marching through the streets of a town, as it is their constant practice to do. It seems that the police prohibited the particular procession in question, and that the persons now in gaol resisted the constables who tried to stop the progress of the "Army." They were thus guilty of a technical assault, committed for the express purpose of raising the question as to their legal right to do that which had been forbidden, but the magistrates not only sent them to gaol, but refused to state a case for a superior court. Most people will agree with the observation of the Lord Chief Justice that to inflict the ignominious punishment of hard labour on men simply because they are religious enthusiasts is a thing not to be tolerated, and supposing that the Kingsclere magistrates are unable to put a different complexion on the case it may confidently be predicted that the sentence will be quashed. If hard labour is to be imposed at all it should rather be upon those ill-conditioned roughs who brutally assault and maltreat these presumably well-intentioned enthusiasts, than upon the Salvationists, who, we doubt not, are only too eager to assume the rôle of martyrs. The punishment inflicted upon them by the Kingsclere magistrates seems to be unnecessarily harsh, and they were certainly wrong in refusing to grant a case, but at the same time we think that something ought to be done to check the eccentric behaviour of the Salvationists themselves, whose street parades, accompanied by noisy instrumental music and the loud demonstrative shouting of hymns and admonitions, are too frequently a terrible nuisance to quiet, orderly, and peaceable people. The streets are, or should be, for the general convenience and use of the entire public, and no mere section of it ought to be allowed to monopolise them, even for a short time, to the exclusion or annoyance of others. If we encourage or permit the Salvationists habitually to perambulate our thoroughfares in their noisy demonstrative fashion, we shall probably find that other religious sects and other organisations political and social will soon imitate their example, and it is hard to imagine a limit to the growth of such an evil. All law-abiding people ought to be content to submit to the rules and regulations enacted by the local authorities, and it seems rather hard to expect the quiet, undemonstrative portion of the community to pay the cost of special police protection for religious or other enthusiasts who seem disposed to insist on their own "rights" to the uttermost, whilst totally ignoring those of others.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM APRIL 27 TO MAY 3 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The week opened with a brief spell of fine bright weather, but on Thursday afternoon (27th ult.) it was evident that these conditions would not continue long, as the barometer was beginning to fall quickly in the west. On Friday morning (28th ult.) a deep depression was found to be passing across the north of England, and the weather in London had become showery, with strong gusts from the south-westward. In the evening, as this disturbance passed away, the rain ceased, and the sky cleared considerably, while the wind veered to W.N.W. By Saturday morning (29th ult.) however, a new and deep depression had appeared over our south-west coasts, and in the course of the day this system advanced in an east-north-easterly direction right across the country, causing heavy rain at first, and very severe south-westerly to westerly gales in the evening. In London the violence of the storm was barely exceeded by that of the gale of last October, and on the Cornish coast Saturday's gale was the more severe of the two. On Sunday (30th ult.) the depression had passed away towards Norway, but the barometer was again falling in the west, and the weather since that time has been under the influence of small, shallow disturbances which have advanced over us from the south-westward or southward, causing heavy showers at intervals. On Wednesday (3rd inst.) the thermometer rose suddenly, and at two p.m. was as high as 66°, or 13° higher than the maximum of Thursday last (27th ult.). The air had at the same time become close and oppressive, and seemed to threaten for more rain. The barometer was highest (29.94 inches) on Tuesday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.00 inches) on Saturday (26th ult.); range, 0.94 inches. Temperature was highest (71°) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); lowest (37°) on Thursday (27th ult.) and Sunday (30th ult.); range 34°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.66 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.21 inches, on Saturday (29th ult.).

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